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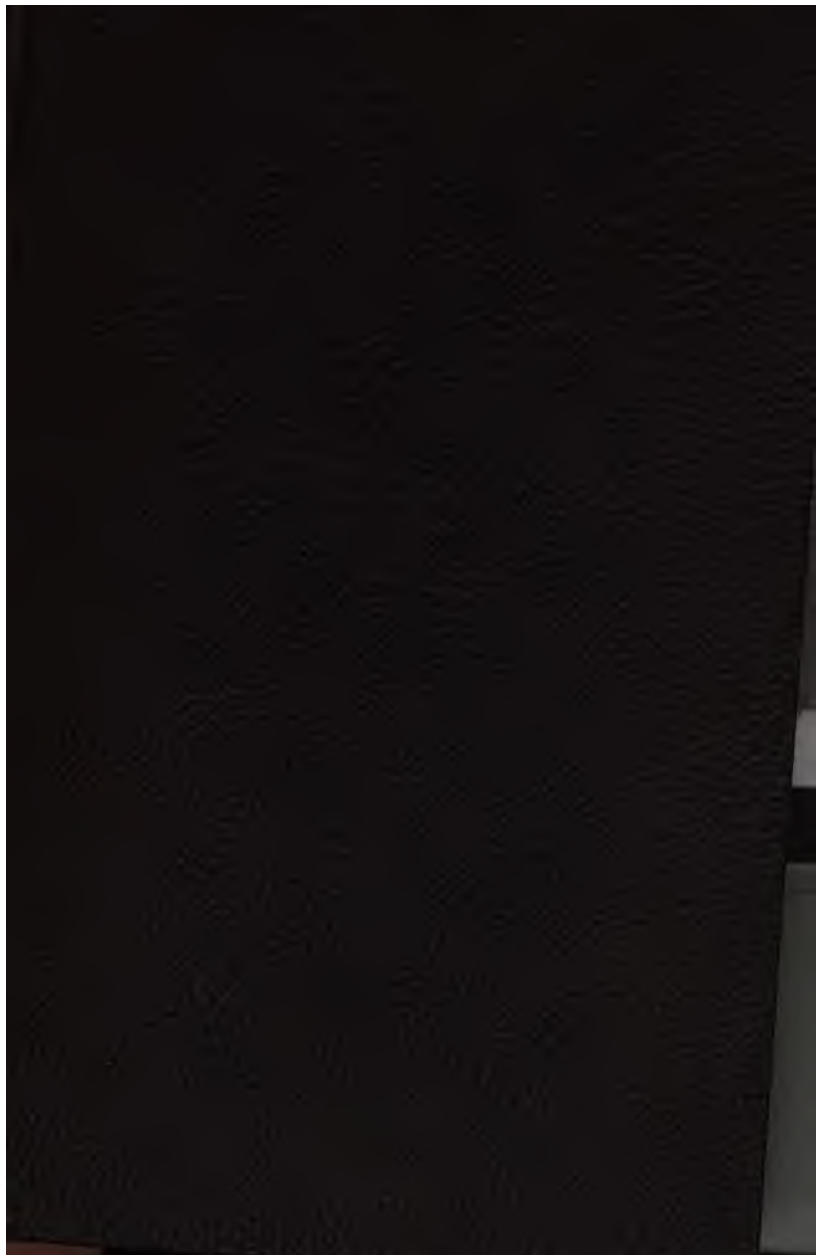
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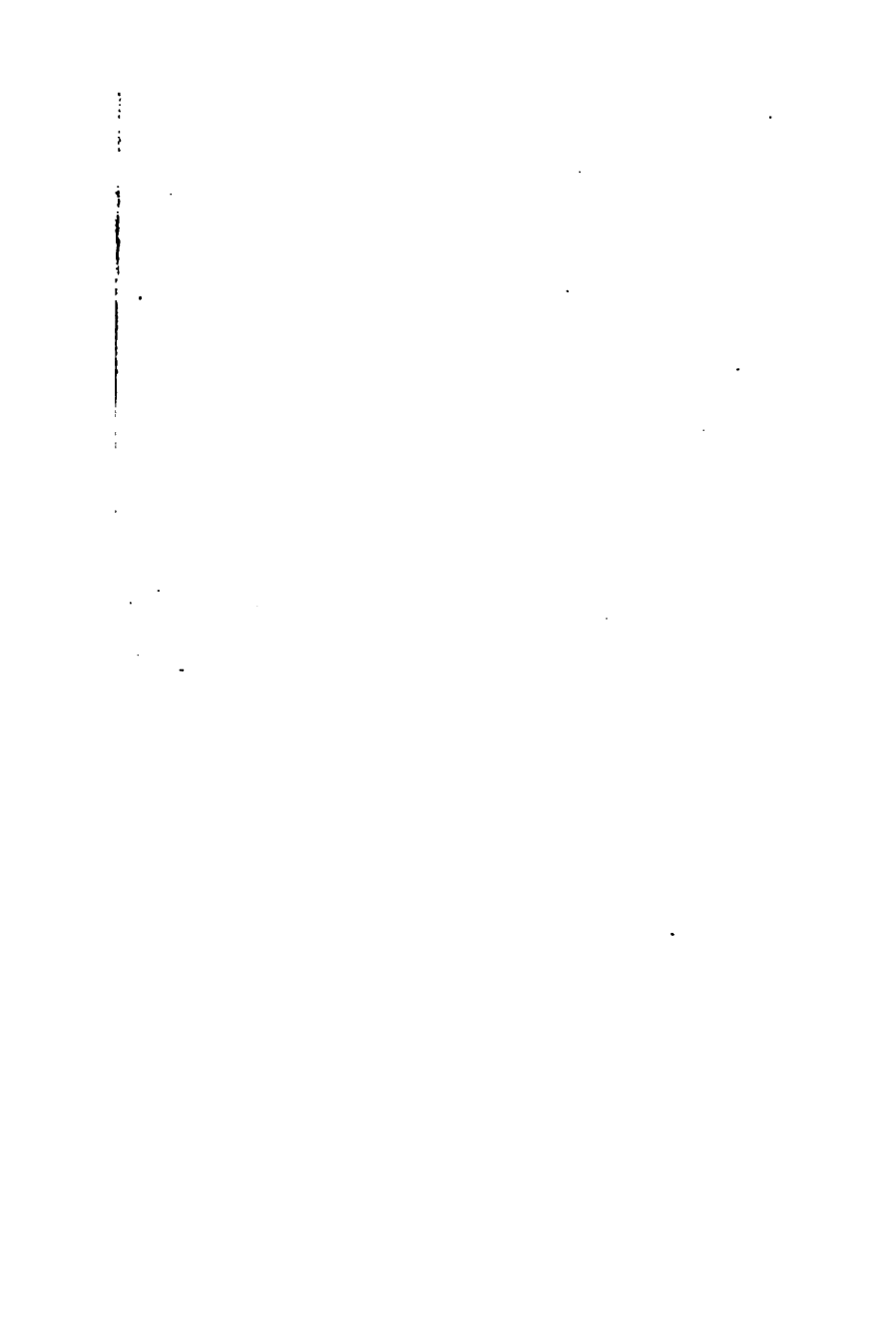
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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
BARNEY MAHONEY.

BY  
T. CROFTON CROKER.

SECOND EDITION.

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

SHAKSPEARE.

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TO  
THE HON<sup>BLE</sup>. MRS. NORTON.

LADY, think not, tho' thou do'st brightly move  
In fashion's round, that I will ought relate  
Of high life, like unto Moore's "Summer Fête,"  
Which he to thee inscribes, all dames above.  
Nor is my tale made up of "lumps of love;"  
Nor ground chivalric do I dare debate  
With skilful James. Nor yet as vainly prate  
Of deeds historic, flinging down the glove,  
That all may judge between me, and Sir Walter!  
Nor emulous of Bulwer, nor of Hook,  
Do I adventure with my little book.  
Nor of that quiet humourist, John Galt, or  
A dozen more.—For lo! my scene I pitch in  
Ude's empire; region unexplored—the kitchen.



READER! if sound of hearty lung, or phtisical,  
You smile, or cough, look gay, or grave, or rational;  
Dwell City-wise—or think the world of fashion all,  
And laugh at Cockney box on jaunty Chiswick mall;  
Deem not my little book severe and quizzical,  
Or that I rudely lay the sportive lash on all.  
My novellette I hold to be quite national;  
And, in its inward spirit, truly metaphysical.  
From it my countrymen may draw a moral,  
And see themselves, for they have small opacity;  
Theirs is ambition—silver-tongued loquacity,  
Empty profession; but, we shall not quarrel—  
I do believe, with fault and folly teeming,  
The Irish heart, when tried, will shine with bright redeeming.

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THE Publishers having informed me that a Second Edition of this little Volume is at press, I gladly embrace the opportunity of returning my acknowledgments for the favourable reception it has experienced, and the indulgence with which it has been received.

As my gratitude is sincere, so must my thanks be simple. I have no critics to quarrel with, and complain of, to the public. I have, in short, only to regret one or two whimsical misprints in the former Edition, and which, I hope, I have pointed out in time sufficient to allow of the correction of them in the present one.

The Rosery, Barnes Common, Surrey,  
26th June, 1882.

T. C. C.

THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
BARNEY MAHONEY.

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CHAPTER I.

*The Mahoney's.*

“You have a large family, my good woman!”

“’Tis I that have that same thin, yer honor, be the blessin’ o’ Providence. Chilther’ comes as thick as poverty, most times, but, thank God! we’ve not known to say want, for ’tis seldom but we’ve a praty to put in their mouths; an’ shoore ’tisn’t the likes of us that could ixpect to be havin’ mate onst a week like our betterers. Though, may be, if we got a habit of atin’ it, we’d think it hard to be widout it; so we would.”

“How often do you get a joint of meat, pray?”

“Is it a jint o’ mate, yer honor! The Lord be betune us an’ all harum, where ’ud we cum be a jint o’ mate? barrin’ it may be a pig’s head, or some small matter o’ that kind, at

Christmas or Easter. I niver seen a rale jint o' mate sin' the blessed day I was married to Murty Mahoney, so I haven't,—and that's three an' twenty years cum next Lady-day."

"Your children appear strong and healthy, nevertheless."

"Oh! thanks be where due, they are that; an' why would n't they? They've no stint of de prates any how; an' onst a week, or on a saint's day, mostly a herrin' or a sup o'milk wid them. Sorro' wud I wish to see de day a child o' mine 'ud grumble while he'd a bowl o' Carrigaline beauties, or good red-nosed kidneys planted down upon de table, wid a relish now an' then, or may be onst a week —"

"The rain still continues as heavy as ever," said the gentleman. "May I ask leave to remain under the shelter of your roof until the storm has passed off?"

"Yer honor 'd be kindly welcome, shoore, if 'twas de grandest house in de county I had afore ye. Judy! rache me de prauskeen 'till I wipe a stool for his honor to sit down upon."

"Do not trouble yourself. It is quite clean, I dare say," replied Mr. Stapleton, for such was the gentleman's name.

"Beggin' yer honor's pardin', but I've hard

say, 'quite clane' aint clane enuff for de Englishers,—an' I'm thinking, be yer honor's tongue, that ye does n't belong to this part of de counthre, any how."

"You are right," said Mr. Stapleton; "I am an Englishman, and a stranger in Ireland, and I feel deeply interested by what I have seen of the country. Indeed, my admiration is excited by the numerous instances I meet, where apparently extreme poverty is supported with a degree of cheerfulness and patience, in vain to be sought for in my own more favoured land."

"Oh! where 'ud be de use of bein' onpatient, yer honor? What 'ud we get be that? The Lord knows best what's good for us all; an' shoore, if we've His blessin', 'tis all we want."

"That's true, perhaps; but now, tell me,—you have been married three-and-twenty years, you say. You have reared—how many children?"

"Tirteen, yer honor. 'Tisn't often ye'll find a smaller family,—that's among the poore o' the county. They tell me chilter's scarcer in the county Limerick, but I dunnow. Murty thought it best to settle where his work was; an' may be 'tis right he was."

"How does he gain his living, and support this large family?"

“He attinds de masons,—that’s de masther buildher’s,” said Mrs. Mahoney, willing to express in the most imposing terms the occupation of her husband.

“What in England we call a bricklayer’s labourer, I suppose?”

“I niver hard himself say he was that same,” returned the poor woman, a little wounded by what she considered to be so harsh an appellation. “He just mixes up de morthar an’ dem things for de workin’ men, an’ does any odd job that ’ud be for helpin’ em, an’ de likes o’ that, an’—”

“Carries a hod for his amusement, I suppose?” said Mr. Stapleton, smiling.

“Is it a hod o’ morthar? In coorse he’ll do that same in de way o’ bis’ness, an’ de niver a worse man is he for it, any way,” continued the still more offended dame.

“Do not imagine I intended any offence to his, or your feelings, by carelessly mentioning an old subject of jocularity with us in England. A man’s usefulness ought to be the truest source of his pride; and neither yourself, nor your husband, I am sure, need blush to own the means of support that have enabled you to bring up this fine family of well-grown girls, and their still more sturdy brothers.”

“Yer honor’s words are like honey, shoorely,” replied Mrs. Mahoney, completely mollified by this saving speech. “De girls is well enuff,—Katy! be done tazing the boniveen, an’ I’ll throuble ye!—an’ de b’ys, I hope, ’ll be gettin’ an honest livin’ in time, yer honor. Barney! is that yer manners, ye vagabone of de world! keep de trackeens on you do, an’ a jintleman to the fore!”

“Its tired on ’em and murdered wid ’em intirely I am,” retorted the youth in question. “Shoore its hard I medn’t aise me feet when I come in doores; yees ’ll let Judy and Katy turn out their toes, an’ I’m blithered intirely wid de brogues, so I am, all the way to Blarney that I’ve been in dem to plaze ye.”

“Some of your sons are off your hands, I imagine, Mrs. Mahoney? I see but three of them here.”

The poor woman applied her apron (or ‘prauskeen’, as she would have called it,) to her eyes, seemingly disturbed by the question; after a little time she returned,—“Ah! ’tis a hard trial partin’ wid them, so it is—onst they come—two girls an’ a b’y’s laid under de sod, an’ Phelim, that’s de eldest, he wint for a soldier; he never tuk to de larnin’; an’ de schoolmaster,

ould Justin Delaney, wid de one eye, advised we'd send him abroad, afore, may be, he'd get transported,—'twas de only thing he sed for him, and maybe 'd make a jintleman of him all out. There's Judy, an' Katy, an' Peggy, that's all my girls left. Michael, an' Terry, an' Dan's at school, gettin' their larnin', any how. If yer honor looks through the windy,—no, not the windy, the hat's in to keep the wet out where Dan broke it last summer, de rapparee! but out thro' de doore, yer honor 'll see Dinnis sitting under de bush for shelter, and 'twas digging a patch, he was, for de praties. And this is Patrick, yer honor; ah! 'tis he's de jinteelest of 'em all, thryin' to keep de pig out o' yer honor's hat, só he is; 'tis he'll make his fortin some day, whoever 'll live to see it, for its himself had de nate way wid him, ever an' always. But 'tis Barney, there, yer honor, brakes de ould heart in me, so he does, an' has nothin' o' decency or manners about him, for all his schoolin', an' de pains his father tuk, an' myself, moreover, to thry to make something out of him. We niver 'll make our money o' Barney, I'm thinkin', an' all de harum I wish him 's a good sarvice in a genteel family, for Barney's handy enough for that matter."

"The boy seems altogether not particularly

tractable, or I should have no objection to take him from you myself," said Mr. Stapleton, "he certainly appears strong and active."

"Is it sthrong?—ah! thin he's that any way, let alone active; an' only he's got de top hand o' me, his ould mother, there niver was a bitter b'y than Barney, that I'll say for him, if he is mine, 'till he left his larnin'; an' whether it's the prates, yer honor, is too nourishin' food for him, or de growin' he was tuk with, but he flogs de world for strength, if he'd put it out."

"What say you, Barney? will you promise to be a diligent industrious boy if I take you into my service. Will you do as you are bid to the best of your ability, and thereby relieve your parents from the task of supporting you in idleness."

"Musha den, I'd go to de world's ind to plaze yer honor, an' git out o' this, for its no pace o' my life I have among dem."

"Barney! I'm ashamed, an' that's thruth, you should be spakin' in that manner agen your own blood, and de father and mother that reared you; its time for ye to be seekin' yer fortin, but I hope de jintleman 'll be marciful, an' not judge ye be yer ingratitude to dem that's



brought ye up, an' fed, an' clothed ye, ye graceless creature, that ye are!"

"I dunno want to be clothed," retorted Barney; "'tis the brogues an' that, I'm sick on all out."

"But if you come with me, you must submit to wear shoes and stockings always; we have an objection to see bare feet in England."

"If it's to England yer honor 'ud take me, I'd agree to wear me clothes, in doore an' out; an' do any thing at all at all, to plaze yer honor, for I know I'd be a made man, onst I sot foot in England."

"You can mention the circumstance to your husband, Mrs. Mahoney," said Mr. Stapleton, "and I will call on you to-morrow, to discuss the matter farther. I am in want of a strong lad of Barney's age, to carry messages and parcels; if he conducts himself well, and is willing to learn, I may probably take him into my house as servant to my son, but this depends entirely on his own conduct. I ought, perhaps, to tell you, I am a London merchant, and I will give you a reference, which I have no doubt will be satisfactory, to Messrs. Beamish and Crawford, in Cork. But I wish you fully to understand,

that should Barney fail in obedience and industry, I shall consider myself at liberty to return him on your hands, paying his expences home."

"Yer honor's too good entirely, an' I'm sure Mr. Mahoney 'll say the same, an' no call in life for reference, but whatever yer honor plazes; and its me blessin' he'll get, if he's a good b'y an' does yer honor's biddin', an' his father an' me 'll talk to him be de blessin' o' Providence."

"The storm is over, I think, Mrs. Mahoney; good day to you: I'll probably see you to-morrow,—good day."

"Yer honor's sarvent! yes, the storum's over I b'lieve, an' a blessid storum it was for me an' mine, God willin'. Where's his honor's cloak? Put down the jintleman's gloves, there, Katy! will you never—Barney, where's yer leg, ye villyan. Get out o' that, Dinnis, I bid ye! Is it blockin' up his honor's way, ye are standing right forenent the doore?"

The cabin in which the above scene took place, was one of those miserable looking mud hovels, so well described by some English traveller, as most resembling "pig styes of a larger growth." Two rooms, with their bare

earthen floor, formed the fundamental accommodations; and in virtue of its numerous inhabitants, it possessed the rare luxury of an upper chamber, or loft, in the thatched roof, approachable by a ladder, to be placed or removed at pleasure; "a blessed invention," to use Mrs. Mahoney's own words, "for securin' pace an' quietness," on despatching to this attic dormitory, six or eight of the most refractory of the younger branches of her family. The building had originally possessed a window; indeed, a second luxury of that nature had been projected, as was evident from the remaining frame work, which still marked its intended situation; but as Murty Mahoney obtained the cabin in a half finished state, and was unconscious of a positive necessity for any window at all, it is not surprizing that he suffered, rather than preserved the one completed, and plastered up the space meant for the other.

Four panes of glass, a liberal allowance in Murty's calculation, had once adorned the window; but as family accidents, and other contingencies, had one after the other demolished them, their vacancies had been filled up in the natural, that is, the Irish natural way, by an old hat, the frail remains of a superannuated

petticoat; or, in default of these, a wisp of straw; any of which auxiliaries were, in Murty's eyes, a welcome substitute for the displaced glass. He declared them to be more effectual in "keeping out the cold," and was certainly conscious of an increase of happiness by the change. As the cabin possessed no chimney, the smoke was retained a tolerably close prisoner, and its usual results appeared in the dark visages and dingy habiliments of its inhabitants. The earthen floor of the general apartment owned no obedience to the levelling system. There still remained, however, two or three situations in which, by care and circumspection, a chair might stand with some degree of firmness on its four legs, if it happened to retain so many; but the previous examination necessary to secure this position, reduced the inmates to the less troublesome, therefore more agreeable practice of sitting on stools, so long as one remained untenanted. When the stools failed, there was the washing tub, which, turned bottom upwards, made an excellent seat for three or four urchins, who, at the same time, secured a musical instrument in its sides, which they ceased not to batter incessantly. A large iron pot, for the purpose of

boiling the potatoes in, or heating water for all and every household purpose. A wooden vessel, termed a pigg'in, for milk; half a pitcher, and three broken plates, formed the whole stock of domestic utensils. In one corner of the adjoining room was the shake-down of the founders of the family, and in its opposite the "vehicle" of Murty Mahoney, answering the double purposes of "a hod by day, a chicken-roost by night." The pig, claiming rank superior even to that of "Misther Mahoney" himself, adopted, for the scene of his repose, whatever unoccupied space happened to suit his fancy for the time being; nor was any remonstrance offered, when caprice led him to require a share of the shake-down.

It may be supposed that Mahoney had not long occupied his seat by the fire side, before he was informed of the visit of the English gentleman, together with his magnificent offers touching Barney, and the wonderful and unlooked-for luck of the latter in being their object; proving, as his mother declared, that after all "the b'y was born to grace;" and she asserted, that she had expected all along something or other would happen, for that she had dreamed three times running, only last week, having

seen him standing with a rope round his neck, and father O'Connor by his side, ready to make a clean job of him.

“An’ that’s a drame, shoorely, for one sort o’ luck! ye fool ye,” said her husband; “what can you make out o’ such a drame as that, and I’ll throuble ye?”

“Ah, shoore, an’ isn’t it be conthraries them things goes always; an’ issent it a sign he’ll be a grate man an’ a pride to his family, an’ be goin’ to England all de way. Dear knows, I little thought to see Barney taken a fancy to, an’ that’s God’s thruth.”

“Ah! its to be hoped no harum ’ll come to him, the gossoon!” returned the father, sighing. “Now, Barney, aboughil yees hear to me, an’ be a good b’y, darlint, and don’t give way to low company and bad coorses, but ever an’ always keep stiddy an’ handy; and who knows, but in time, you may come to be valley de sham to some great lord or other. An’ d’ye hear me a vick? Remimber de brothers and sisthers ye lave behind yees, an’ niver miss to do them a like good turn, if it comes in yeer way, dy’e see Barney; an’ honor yer mother an’ me; an’ mind what de priest sed last Sunday, to keep yer hands from pickin’ an’ stalin’; an’, above all,

keep clear o' de English girls, Barney, or yees is as good as ruined, so you is."

"An' Barney, my heart!" interposed the mother, "remimber de honor o' de family, an' don't do nothin' to disgrace us, and keep yer oun counsel 'avourneen, for there's many 'll ax questions of yees only to jeer, an' put their come-hether upon you, darlint; an' keep a civil tongue, an' a cool answer for all questions; an' doan't be flourishin' de shilela de way de b'ys does here, for de English does n't understand dem ways, an' you'd may be get throuble thro' it, so you would."

Long after Barney had sunk to repose, the paternal and maternal lecture continued to be addressed to the sleeping object of their anxiety. Barney had heard as much as he cared to listen to, and more than he considered needful. In youth, health, and vigour, he was entering upon a career, which, to his vision, bore only the aspect of unmixed success and prosperity. He had but one feeling approaching to anxiety on his mind; and this was, that Mr. Stapleton might forget his promised visit of the following day. On this subject, however, disappointment did not await him. That gentleman appeared, to repeat his offers of protection, and to receive the ready assent of the grateful parents. The

business was soon concluded. Mr. Stapleton announced his intended departure for England in three days; merely requiring that Barney should assume his most respectable suit for the journey, and promising to take upon himself the charge of clothing him when they should arrive in London. The reversion of his wardrobe conferred considerable delight upon the two half-naked younger brothers, to whom it was adjudged. And as Barney, notwithstanding his mother's dreams, and his own open countenance, caused some affliction to his father in his unlimited consumption of the "prates,"—had acquired a trick of contradicting and thwarting his mother to the utmost verge of his power and her forbearance; and had, moreover, a habit of cuffing and kicking his sisters and younger brothers, and quarrelling with the elder ones; if the truth must be confessed, his departure was witnessed by the whole family with something very nearly approaching to feelings of joy.



## CHAPTER II.

*The Merchant's Family.*

ON arriving in London, Mr. Stapleton proceeded to his residence in Finsbury Square, with his protégée. There, his return home was greeted by a joyful welcome from the worthy partner of his fortune and affection, his only daughter, and his younger son, Charles; the elder, William Stapleton, being absent on business relative to the firm of "Stapleton, Goodlad, and Co.," in which firm he was a junior partner.

Mrs. Stapleton, at the time I introduce her to my readers, was a comely, portly dame, of some fifty odd years; of cheerful countenance and gentle temper, for the world had gone well with her. She still retained the remains of that beauty which had been the first point of attraction to her husband. She possessed the pleasing consciousness of having performed her relative duties of daughter and wife in an exemplary and irreproachable manner. It had never occurred to her own temper to thwart any wish of

her parents; and, when young Stapleton proved his unexceptionable claims to her hand, and succeeded in gaining the first place in her heart, she experienced no shadow of anxiety on the subject of their future happiness. Her fortune she knew entitled her to expect as good a match as she had met with. She was sufficiently conscious of her personal attractions, to rest free from the dread of mere fortune-hunting lovers. A liberal income, a handsome establishment, with perfect freedom in the regulation of her household, to which, in course of time, were added two sons and a daughter, left her no time for ennui, no subject for discontent. One unvaried state of perfect health and placid happiness pervaded her whole family; and the only period she could recall to her mind as not being one of unmixed enjoyment, was that during which Fanny suffered under the infantine disease of measles. This had passed off happily; Fanny was now seventeen, the pride of both parents, the delight of her brothers. Her education had been pursued with as much intensity of purpose as came within the bounds of her indulgent mother to tolerate; and with all that mother's beauty revived, she had the same placidity of temper, and, perhaps, no greater expanse of intellect than that

caused by the march of mind and manners, in the lapse of years, had produced in the process of education.

To come out, be admired, to marry, were the three leading expectations of Fanny Stapleton; and she awaited the period at which they should severally be achieved, as a matter of course, and quite independent of any care or exertion on her part.

Fanny had no acquaintance in fashionable life. Novel reading she had no taste for; and it had never occurred to her to listen to the schemes, or witness the manœuvres, of the pitiable mother of many portionless girls in her industrious attempts to dispose of them at almost any price. She had never happened to hear that "every thing depended on getting into the first circles;" nor had she any conception of the innumerable acts of meanness to which the unfortunate mother would lend herself in so indispensable a measure. She was never told that "all her attention ought to be devoted to the attitudes and graces cultivated by her dancing-master;" that "dancing and carriage were the primary considerations of every young woman who expected to 'get off.'" Neither had she been taught the vital importance, as it is in the highest circles

pronounced to be, of the circumspection to be used respecting a first appearance, by which means the desirable result of an engagement during the first season might be secured. Nay, she did not even know, for she had seldom been out of the city, that, above all other things, she ought to dread a failure of marriage within three seasons; with the disgraceful alternative of hiding her misfortunes in retirement at the country-house, to allow her young sisters to come forward, and with only the forlorn hope of establishing herself in the heart of the village curate or apothecary.

Fanny was ignorant that, by the supreme laws of fashion, a triennial eclipse must be performed on some pretext or other; and it would have startled her to hear that, in some solitary instances, where the novice did not entirely lose the appearance and bloom of youth, she retrograded from the ball-room to the school-room, there to undergo a second course of polishing and torment under the dominion of some vinegar-visaged French governess, and to await the more successful exertions of her second sister, whose marriage would prove the signal for her liberation, and another campaign would be entered upon under the title of the third Miss —.

The anxious mother, writhing beneath the dread of detection, and suspecting the sincerity of the congratulations poured in her ear on the unexampled success of having cleared off two daughters within three seasons. In cases of this nature there are instances where ill-natured dowagers and tenacious danglers terrify the trembling mama, by persisting to exclaim and wonder at the amazing likeness between the new Miss —— and her eldest sister. They will even sometimes be impertinent enough to profess a lapse of memory as to whether the eldest Miss —— settled in the country, or went out to India. To these troublesome querists, nothing more decisive can be urged than the oft repeated subterfuge, family likeness; and deeply, indeed, is that martyred mother to be pitied, who sees her assertions on this subject received with a credulous smile.

But Fanny Stapleton, happy girl! was the only daughter of a man of character and wealth. I doubt if it would even have added to her happiness to know how enviable an object she appeared in the eyes of the interminable strings of Ladies Jane, Georgiana, and Julia, and Honourable misses, whose poverty had been perpetually held up to them as a spur in the attainment of the most taking accomplishment; and who as soon

would have dared to jump into a river as to smile on any man of less than a clear ten thousand per annum. The matron's eye, they were conscious was never for a moment removed from them during the dance, or the supposed flirtation to follow. They could not plead ignorance in justification of carelessness; for if it so chanced that, dearth of men, or some untoward circumstance consigned them to an ineligible partner, the mother failed not, while accepting the scarf and fan of her daughter, to whisper, "Remember, no nonsense, he's nothing but a younger son, and has not a penny." Woe be to her who, after such a warning, presumed to maintain any other than a monosyllabic conversation with her unworthy companion; and direfully would the morning lecture peal in her weary ears after the commission of so heinous a sin.

In utter carelessness and unconsciousness of the "ways and means" so deeply studied by her competitors, for getting a husband, Fanny Stapleton contemplated, that is, when she gave herself the trouble of thinking about the matter, that she would avoid any thing like a serious engagement for the first few years of her entrance on the world; since it would be a pity, she said to herself, to settle down into a sober married

woman before she had enjoyed the gaieties of the said world, untrammelled by those necessary appendages, a husband and children ; things to come of course, and in course of time, but which she ought not to be entrapped by too early. The ensuing Easter ball was to be the scene of her entrée to city festivities, for no other reason than that it had been (as Mrs. Stapleton said) "that of her mother before her," and the proposal met with no opposition from the worthy merchant ; who, moreover, in addition to his consent, volunteered an opinion, that "If Fanny trod in her mother's footsteps through life, no father need blush to own her."

Of William Stapleton it is unnecessary at present to say more, than that he was an almost ditto of his father ; an upright English trader, neither ashamed of the means by which he made his money, nor affecting the disgusting airs of that most disgusting animal—a city fop.

Attentive to business, of liberal mind and gentlemanly habits, he pursued the smooth path tracked out by his father ; and, if he had a beau ideal, it was of an elegant country retreat, in some sporting county, to be attained at some very distant period, when the firm of Stapleton, Goodlad, and Co., should have arrived at the

unanimous conclusion, that "Sufficient for their hearts' content was the wealth they had amassed."

Charles, the younger son, had less of plodding stability, and more of enterprise in his composition. His education was not entirely completed, nor had his inclination pointed so decidedly towards any particular pursuit, as to enable his friends, with any certainty of foundation, to judge of the profession most suitable to his versatile disposition.

Charles Stapleton pronounced himself to be a decidedly "reading man;" and, true it is, he read with avidity all that came within his reach; but so little impression did his studies make upon his mind, that he was continually veering in his subject, and changing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Professing to read for the purpose of forming his mind, and fixing the object to be pursued through life, still it happened, that whoever Charles had last read, was his favourite author. If the work treated on military tactics, and the glories of war, Charles was a soldier! would be a soldier, and nothing but a soldier. Did he read of the perils and enterprise of a seafaring life, his thoughts were "fully bent" (to use his own expression) on the navy. There "could" be no life so glorious and ad-



mirable as that of a sailor. During the prevalence of "marine fever," as his father called it, Charles happened to pay a visit to a school-fellow, whose father was high, and deservedly so, in the church. Domesticated for some time in the worthy dean's family, observing and admiring the respect and attention paid by all ranks to his dignified host, together with the well regulated and delightful family over which he presided; Charles returned to Finsbury Square, believing himself to be decidedly adapted for the church. For nearly a week the youth stalked about his mother's drawing-room with an air of solemnity and pomposity, as surprising to his friends as it was unnatural to himself. His former heart-cheering laugh was changed for a benevolent smile; his movements were measured and slow; nor did he accept the reiterated challenges of the amazed Fanny, to resume their former playful diversions, which, truth to say, not seldom bordered on a species of romping, rather indecorous in a young lady of seventeen; and, as Charles now felt, quite unbecoming in one who intended immediately to "set about reading for the church."

It is, perhaps, not my business to insinuate that the recollection of Amelia Davison, the

dean's third and lovely daughter, should have influenced the present decision of Charles ; and it might be a stretch of the imagination to assert, that, in his "view of the church," there appeared a distant vista, in which a snug rectory was seen, rising in "modest merit," backed by woods of "ancient growth," its sloping lawn graced by—Amelia Stapleton, and some branches of "younger growth." The vacation terminated, however, and Charles returned to keep his last term with the tutor under whose care he was, together with the sons of the dean. There it chanced, that either a new companion, or a fresh course of reading, brought him to the positive belief that the law was the only profession in which a man of any talent could make his way : a fact that admitted of no dispute, since he was informed by the fair Amelia's brother, that she was on the point of marriage with Besom, the celebrated barrister.

It was a fortunate accident in favour of Barney Mahoney, that he made his appearance (and an uncouth one it was) in Mr. Stapleton's family during the prevalence of the "clerical impression" of Mr. Charles, whose natural waggery having, for the time being, retreated beneath the imaginary weight of the cassock, did not allow

him to indulge in the witticisms he would, most probably, under other circumstances, have favoured himself and others with, at the expense of poor Barney.

All wonder and astonishment at the (to him) inconceivable splendour and magnificence of all he saw, Barney Mahoney was consigned to the care and hospitality of the servants, until the morrow should give Mr. Stapleton leisure to establish him in the warehouses belonging to the firm, and situated in the most intricate haunts of London's intricate city.

The powers of speech had quite departed from Barney. Respiration itself had nearly failed him; when, under the protection of James, the footman, he was ushered into the spacious, cheerful, and well furnished servants' hall. A boarded floor was the first object that attracted his notice; and his awe increased as he perceived that, excepting at the sides of the apartment, it was covered by a handsome carpet. An ample grate, occupying a space equal to that of his father's turf rick when made up for winter consumption, and filled with a blazing coal fire, next attracted his eye. From the numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen (as he could not but consider them) collected around the fire, some stitching, some

reading, others idly reposing, he modestly turned his observations towards the interminable shelves, upon which were ranged plates, dishes, and other implements, in such incredible profusion, that Barney rubbed his eyes to convince himself all was real. The first faculty restored to him was that of mastication; and without knowing exactly how, or by whose means his exertions had been developed, he found himself seated at a side table, discussing the merits of a huge plate of cold beef, which, ever and anon, he was urged to liquidate by "doing justice," as it was expressed, to the porter. Whether there was a systematic intention of penetrating to his ideas by opening his mouth, and the farther, and somewhat sinister attack upon his head, in the application of Meux's "heavy wet," it is not for me to declare. I think it, however, quite possible, that in this age of refinement and mental march, "the native" was looked upon by the menials of Finsbury Square, as a fine study offered to their especial examination and amusement.

In proportion as Barney's jaws began to relax in their operations, he found his curiosity awakened respecting the finely dressed company in which he saw himself placed. Gold lace, and even epaulettes, he had seen in Cork; he there-

fore was at no loss in assigning rank to James and the portly coachman. But who the fine ladies could be, who so condescendingly allowed the approaches and conversation of the men in livery, puzzled Barney completely. One of them, to be sure, "might" be a servant: she was large, coarse, and red-faced, and wore an apron. Our novice felt he could look upon her without awe. Not so boldly, however, did he venture to direct his eyes towards a younger and prettier damsel, who occupied a place at the table, on which was placed her work-basket, with some fashionable fallal or other she was preparing. On the head of this lady—no, I beg pardon, not on her head, but at some considerable distance above it, perched upon a large square comb, was a fly-away cap, of gossamer-like materials, decorated with a profusion of cherry-coloured gauze; beneath this, and falling on each side of the face, reaching nearly to the shoulders, were two immense bunches of ringlets, of Ross's or Truefit's most superb polish. The eyes were not so entirely concealed by these appendages, but that she stole from time to time a glance at Barney; who, at length, had the mortification of hearing her, in an audible whisper, address the red-faced female as follows:

“My stars, cook! where can master ’ave picked up such a hobject as that?—and what, in the name of all that’s savage, can ’e mean to do with him?”

“Object! indeed,” thought Barney, and his admiration vanished at once. “Her masther, too! Oh, then, she’s nothin’ but a sarvint afther all. So who’s afraid, says Kelleher? whin he tuk de bull be de horns.”

It must be confessed that Barney’s inherent pride of birth (for he boasted descent from a “rale Callaghan”) was not fully justified by his present grotesque appearance. Mr. Stapleton had requested he might be attired in his most respectable suit for the journey; and it was too late either to remonstrate, or remedy the oversight, when Barney, at the latest moment, attended to accompany him to the quay, equipped in a coat and trowsers, that had done duty as his best for three years and upwards, during which time their wearer had ceased not, weekly and monthly “to shoot,” as his mother expressed it; that is, to protrude farther, and still farther, his scantily covered limbs from beneath the garb, which had, even originally, no elasticity to boast, and now seemed actually to shrink from the task so unjustly assigned to it. The mate-

rial of this "shell" (for dress it hardly could be called) was the thickest and most stubborn of that not "broad," but thick and coarse cloth, commonly worn in the south of Ireland,—frize its name, pepper and salt its colour,—and so immoveable its texture, that, had its size been as much too bountiful as it was now the reverse, still no fold, no crease, could be expected on its immoveable surface. A considerable interregnum between the conclusion of the said trowsers and the stout brogues, in which Barney literally was confined, was covered by a pair of strong blue stockings, of his sister Katy's own knitting; and a hairy cap covered his head. The youth began to resume some degree of confidence in himself, as he reflected on the heroism of submitting to be clothed from head to foot, (inclusive,) and the claims it gave him on any society—the present not excepted.

"Shoore, an' ain't I a Callaghan; an' a born jintleman, if we had our rights; an' I'll remimber de counsil me modher give me, commin' away, an' put me best fut foremost, not forgettin' to discourse them neat and genteel, if they axes too many questions," was Barney's inward determination.

Accordingly, with feelings one may imagine to be indulged by the hedgehog on an expected

attack, the youth prepared his wits to the encounter, for he saw the curiosity of the multitude was quite equal to his own.

"Its iligant beef I will say!" exclaimed he, pushing the plate away from him, "I niver tasted betther in Cork itself, so I didn't; an' the porther, too,—faix, but I dunnow if it don't bate Crawford an' Beamish their selves."

"I'm glad you like your supper, my lad, returned James. You have had a long land-journey, to say nothing of the passage over. How did the sea agree with you?"

"Is it the say? Oh! mighty well intirely. It cleared me stummick, so it did, an' guv'me an appetite shoorely!"

"The horrid wretch!" whispered the lady of the ringlets.

"Had you many fellow-sufferers; that is, many passengers on board?"

"Aych, we had, ma'am, pigs, poor mortials. I niver seen a pig sick afore; an' be de powers bud they rache all one jist like a christian, so dey do, the dumb cratures! An' we'd ladies an' jintlemen too a-board; an' behaved mighty gintale one on um did to me, in regard of givin' me a sup o' something an' that. An' Mis-thress O'Connor, a dhress-maker be thrade, that



was commin over to see de fashions, all de way, an' bein' a friend o' me modher's, was to take care o' me trou the sickness, if I'd get it; an' wud, no doubt, oney she was tuk first, an tumbled head undher into de berth as they call it, an' niver was righted all the passage; an' its smodthered she mayd a' bin, so she med, for de no part of her at all at all was left out (that's o' de berth) but her sittin' quarters, an' bein' large made—Oh murder! if 'twas n't Misthress o'Connor was to be pitied, shoorely no mortal ever was."

"Are you come to reside in England, young man?" asked the cook.

"Yeh! is it live you mane, ma'am? I am that same then, barrin' it ud disagree wid me healt'. I'm cum on a vissit to Mr. Stapleton; 'twas a likin' he tuk to me, an' axed as a fever o' my friends to spare me away. So I left me prospects in Cork just to obleedge him, an' come on likin' to see ud it shuit me."

"Has master a place in view for you, or does he intend you to be his own valet?" inquired James, in a rather sarcastic tone.

"Nat at prisint, I b'lieve; its about himself I'm to be, an' take letthers an' parcils an' them things he ud n't thrust to any one, or any little thing to obleedge him."

“ Ah! I see—a kind of friendly companion; but I do not perceive that you brought any luggage. Does Mr. Stapleton mean to introduce you to his friends in that suit you have on? it seems a little the worse for wear.”

“ Is it this? Oh! this is just an ould cast off shute, I tought ud do me to travel in, an’ save a better; an’ packed up all me best clothes, an’ me shirts, an’ me neck hankechers, an’ me track—stockin’s an’ dem things, in a grate big chest, an’ hired a man to bring ’em down to de quay, while I’d go round be de back streets, cause I ud n’t be seen in me ould cloes; an’ be de blissed white-toothed Bridget, whin I cum’d to de quay an’ was busy wid one thing or oder, de big koulaune, if he did n’t slip de box off his shoulders, purtendin’ ’twas overweighted he was wid it, and let all me bewtiful cloes down to de bottom of de salt say ocean, all among de fishes, that niver ’ll be able to open de chest, so they won’t; an’ no sarvice to them if they cud, seein’ fishes doant wear breeches an’ that.”

“ I really must retire,” observed the lady in the fly cap, who, being Mrs. Stapleton’s own maid, considered the tone of conversation not sufficiently refined for her double-refined ears.

“ Really,” interrupted a more homely attired

damsel occupying the office of kitchen-maid, "I think the young man is very amusing; and only to think of the pigs, poor things!"

"He appears to me perfectly uncultivated and gross in his manners," retorted her more delicate fellow-servant. "I am sure I shall consider myself under the distressing necessity of representing to Mrs. Stapleton the impropriety of my associating with such an ignorant unpolished savage as this, if, indeed, Mr. Stapleton can contemplate the possibility of domesticating him amongst people of respectability."

Having delivered herself of as many long words as she could cleverly summon to her aid on this occasion, she gathered up her work, and, with an offended air, took her departure.

"Come, my lad," said James, "I dare say you will have no objection to the comforts of an English bed, after all your fatigues: so I'll shew you the way to one as soon as you like."

Young Mahoney accompanied the friendly footman, under the pleasing consciousness of having tolerably well parried the attacks of the Englishers; and attained sufficient command of himself to conceal whatever degree of astonishment he might in reality feel at the accommodations of his sleeping chamber.

“This room is small,” observed James, willing to probe his ‘subject’ still farther, “but I do not like to trouble master to-night for orders about you; to-morrow he will, most likely, give his own directions respecting your establishment in his household. You will find your bed soft and warm, I believe, and if any thing should be deficient we will endeavour to rectify it in future.”

Many of these words were totally out of the comprehension of Barney. He, however, had tact enough to discover an attempted or pretended apology where none he saw could be due; and as he enscreened himself within the luxurious bedding, he said to himself, “Now was this b’y puttin’ his comehether upon me, I wondther! I was a match for him any way, in regard o’ me chist o’ cloes. Faix! bud I wish de mother o’ me had heard me lay it into him that time.”

## CHAPTER III.

*The Ball Dress.*

“MR. STAPLETON, what boy was that you brought home with you last night?” said his lady, at breakfast the following morning.

“Ah! by the way, poor Barney! I had almost forgotten him,” was the reply. “James, send the youth up to me, I must see what can be done in the way of fitting him out. I took him from the large family of a very poor labourer I met with in my travels,” he continued, after the man had left the room, “intending to employ him as errand-boy in the warehouses; and really the lad shews a degree of shrewdness and quickness that inclines me to think he may be made a valuable house servant of in course of time.” Here the door opened, and the raw material, from whence the benevolent merchant had these expectations, appeared at its opening.

“Come in, Barney; come in, my lad; shut the door and come hither, I want to speak to you.”

The door was closed upon the disappointed James, who, in hopes of being present at the conference, had translated into "bring up" the "send up" expressed by his master.

"In the first place, Barney, we must have you equipped in a little better trim. The tailor shall come and measure you, and Mrs. Stapleton will give him directions for supplying you with such articles of dress as will be proper for you."

"I'm no ways pittickler meeself, yer honor; whatever de lady an' yer honor plases, I shall make no difficulty in life; oney, if I might make so bould, yer honor,"—here the boy paused. <sup>1</sup>

"What is it, Barney, you wish to say? speak out."

"Its about de box o' cloes, yer honor. May be yer honor meddent seen it an' de man,—that's me father I mane, carrin' it down to de quay."

"Not I, indeed, Barney. Moreover I understood that the whole, or at any rate the best part, of your wardrobe was that at present on your back."

"Plase yer honor's worship, its just to disrimber yer mind o' that same I was beecin' so bould as to ask yer honor. Its in regard of de gintlefolks below undther ground that may be

ud be takin' me for a poor b'y, an' me havin' only de won shute to me back."

"I should not wonder but they might," half ejaculated Charles, whose natural disposition to mirth waged terrible war with his imaginary holiness during a scene, he would three months sooner or later, have pronounced "famous."

"I hope you experienced no rudeness from any of the servants, last evening, in consequence of your appearance, Barney! I should be seriously displeased with any one in my house who could insult their less fortunate fellow-creature."

"Oh! thin dey meant no harum, so dey did n't; an' twas oney judgin' I was—"

"Come, tell me now. I insist upon knowing if any of the upstarts attempted to cut their jokes (as they think them) upon you."

"Ah, thin, yer honor, dear! don't be unasy for Barney. Barney's no gommul: tis he's de b'y that 'll dale wid 'em, oney let him alone. 'Tis their rigs they was runnin' upon him, jest be way of a spree; an' why would n't they: may be they'd be sarved de same in ould Ireland, wonst they sot fut in her; an' de niver a worse friends they may be to Barney for that same. An' its in regard of a small bit of invention that riz up in

me trote, an I out wid it somehow, manin' no harum, yer honor, so I did n't."

"So you invented a box of clothes, eh! and how did your imagination dispose of them, pray?"

"In the say it was he dhropped 'em; why 'twas de clanest way all out, yer honor."

"Barney, Barney! I fear this betokens something very like deceitfulness in you. Take notice, boy, this method of misleading others is not the road to my favor; and be careful that I see no signs of deceit or lying about you, if you value my protection and your own character."

A great deal of very good advice was here showered upon young Mahoney by his excellent and well-meaning master; the result of which, truth obliges us to confess, proved a secret determination on the part of the former to pursue so circumspect a line of conduct, as should screen his errors and sins, of whatever nature he might be prompted to indulge in, from the severe and virtuous eye of Mr. Stapleton. "Shoore its hard one meddent rap out a bit of a lie now an' thin, in case o' need, an' can get absolution for it too wonst a week, or more, if needs be," reflected Barney. And thus reflect but too many of his misled compatriots. They will rigidly fast at the



will and pleasure of their priests, or to release them from the penalty of some committed sin. On especial days, and at stated seasons, no temptation would induce them to admit food, for a certain period, (and one frequently of painful duration,) within their lips. Yet will they again and again, and without hesitation, or any attempt at concealment, commit offences to be obviated in the same manner, consoling themselves with the observation, "Shoore, its Sunday I'll go up, or Monday, may be; some day next week, any way, to the priest, an' make a clear and clane breast of it."

The mental reservations of Barney were completely in this tone. He perceived his master would be strictly observant of his conduct; he believed him sincere in all he had said to him respecting his opinion of truth, honesty, sobriety, and so forth; "As why should n't he, seein' he was a protestant, an' deprived o' the blessin' an' comfort of absolution. If its the care o' me own sowl I had," thought he, "'twould be the nat'ralest thing in life to keep meself out o' jeopardy an' all manner of harum, an' devils doin's; bud hav'nt I de priest to de fore, which is a blessin' not allowed to heretics."

The conscience of our young Irishman was of a most conveniently elastic nature. He had a superabundant share of that low cunning so frequently found in his rank of life, with a remarkably open countenance, and a simplicity of manner quite beyond the conception of a man so unsuspecting as was Mr. Stapleton. He had emigrated under the firm intention of "making his way,"—honestly if he could, but at all events "of making it." Projects floated through his brain, little thought of by those who dived not below the surface of his thoughts, tending to some wonderful fortune, or luck, as he would have called it, which transplantation from his native soil was to effect.

In the very humble situation first assigned him, he set forth with diligence, steadiness, and a determination to oblige, quite sufficient to win the favor of the firm. Although his literary acquirements were slight, not indeed to the extent of enabling him to read the names of the streets, yet, by dint of extreme attention and his innate spirit of inquiry, he soon became acquainted with, and could find his way through, every labyrinth of the city. This natural inquisitiveness was so intense, that he never performed any commission or message without, by some

means or other, penetrating the inmost depths of it; not by direct inquiry, but by a peculiarly round-about and apparently vacant manner, completely imposing on, and generally successful with, strangers. Although this same inquisitiveness is a quality not often approved of in servants, yet I would venture to hint it has its merits; for instance, wherever Barney had once been, the circumstance, with all its contingencies, never escaped his recollection. None of that provoking forgetfulness of deeds done three months before, and to be repeated, was to be feared from Barney. Besides, as he generally fathomed the matter on which his first errand had led him, it induced an address and intelligence in the execution of consequent ones, frequently astonishing to his employers.

Far be it from me to assert, that a prying servant is an agreeable appendage: neither have I great toleration for the provoking and opposite sin of stupidity. A long course of observation has, however, brought me to the conviction, that they are invariably either too sharp, or too blunt. Now one *may* baffle over acuteness—it is often vexatious; but stupidity is perpetually so, and affords no hope of cure.

As it was intended Miss Stapleton's intro-

duction to the world should be followed by a series of visiting and company, Mrs. Stapleton suggested that James ought, on that consideration, to have some underling to assist in the drudgery of his work; and, as Mr. Stapleton was decidedly of opinion that his protégée had the germs of good service within him, he proposed to supply his place in the counting-house; and Barney was accordingly installed into the honourable office of cleaning nearly all the shoes of the family, the worst of the knives, the muddiest of the clothes, besides the important avocation of turning his eyes upwards from the area, some twenty times a day, to inform divers applicants that matches, &c. were not wanted. Then he went all the errands of all the servants, and with such unexampled skill, that it mattered not whether some forgotten order to the grocer or poulterer, or some end of ribbon to be "exactly" matched in colour, not "quite" so stiff, and the "least in the world" broader, for Mrs. Ruffle, the lady's maid; all were executed in equal perfection. In course of time, the morning fustian suit was relieved by a drab jacket and trowsers, to be assumed at two o'clock, in which he had the honour of opening the door to all comers, when James was out with the carriage.

His first essay in the "valeting line," to use James's own expression, was not particularly successful, to be sure. He had been deputed over-night by this "upper man," to take Mr. Charles's clothes up at nine o'clock, and to call him.

Barney entered the room at the time specified; and, whilst his young master was enjoying a profound morning slumber, (never having been witness of the insinuating method in which his predecessor performed the operation,) he plunged his head between the bed-curtains, seized the sleeper by the shoulder, and roared in his ear, "Get up, Sir!"

"What in the world can be the matter!" cried Charles, starting up in bed. "What brings you here, Barney? What can have happened?"

"Nine o'clock, Sir, it is."

"Why, you dirty Irish vagabond! is that all? send James to me instantly. What can he mean by sending such a Goth to terrify one in this manner?"

"You're to go up stairs to Mистер Charles, if you plase, James. Faix, I dunnow what I dun, but its de devil's own passion he's in wi' me intirely. Oh, murther! ullagone! what'll I do at all to pacify him? -Go up at wonst, Mистер

James, dear ah, an' do. Och hone! och hone!" repeated Barney, as he rocked backward and forward on a little stool, overpowered with grief and terror.

"I suppose you will send a terrier dog to rouse me some morning, James!" cried the angry youth, on the culprit's entrance. "But listen to me. If ever you let the shock head of that Irish scarecrow pierce my bed curtains again, I shall complain to my father of your idleness. You impose on his good nature; and because he allows you help in the pantry, you think proper to turn over all your business upon Barney's shoulders. Have a care, Sir! it will not do with me."

The next advances of our hero were made with more circumspection, and with fuller instructions; and it soon came to pass that Barney could dress hair, clean plate, and wait at table, as well as (Mrs. Stapleton said better than) James.

The Easter ball, the intended scene of Miss Stapleton's debüt, was expected to be an unusually splendid one. For this reason, and on such an occasion it was, after profound deliberation, decided that, although Mrs. Thompson, of Aldersgate Street, was an excellent dress-maker,

had worked for the family many years, and, moreover, fitted Fanny to admiration, still that it would be expedient to apply to the "west end" for the finery at present in request. Nothing short of Jermyn Street is, by city belles, considered fashionable. Fanny, of course, would be admired; inquiries would undoubtedly be made on the subject; and madame "anything," of Jermyn Street, would sound far better than "plain Mrs. Thompson, of the city."

An expedition to the "west end" followed this determination; and the necessary orders were given on the important subject in question, accompanied by express directions from Mrs. Stapleton, that the dress should be sent home the day previous to that of the ball, "In case," as the prudent matron observed, "it might require any alteration."

So impertinent a suggestion, and from "city people, too!" was not to be brooked by the impudent French modiste. With many bows, and the most servile smiles, she assured her new customer, that the orders of Mesdames should be punctually obeyed, although it would necessarily involve the disappointment of the Duchess of Longbill, and the Ladies Lackpenny, whose dresses must be laid aside to oblige Mrs. Sta-

pleton. The straight forward and fair dealing merchant's lady was startled, and somewhat shocked at this assertion; which, devoutly believing, she even went so far as to offer to employ some other person, rather than reduce Madame to so painful, and even improper an alternative. The milliner, upon this, declared she would "accommodate the matter." "Yes! yes! she could arrange. It was only to sit up a night, or two nights! a mere trifle! nothing in consideration of obliging so good a lady, and her so amiable daughter."

They therefore departed, quite satisfied and confident, since they were excluded from the benefit of Madame's exclamation to her women, as she entered her work-room. "Eh, mon dieu! quelles bêtes, ces autres Anglaises; tell me de time, indeed, I shall send dress home! ma foi, dem shall send for it; I not send de oder side Bedfore Square for ni bal, ni noting."

Accordingly, the day on which it was to arrive, passed over in vain expectation, and annoyance to both mother and daughter. It then occurred to Mrs. Stapleton, that the dress must have been left at some wrong house, "for Madame had promised so *faithfully*." (An expression, by the



bye, often employed in the service of its very reverse.) And it was resolved to send Barney to Jermyn Street, to learn the fate of, or carry off the prize in question. Barney "would" be sure to find the place, although (as his mistress informed him) it was four or five miles distant; and moreover, he assured her, "he'd be there an' back in less than no time."—That being the usual period assigned in his country to the gossoon, when sent on an expedition where extraordinary speed is required. Furnished with a huge wicker basket, lined with oil skin, which had, not many years before, held in safe custody the three best bonnets of Mrs. Stapleton, and was subsequently appropriated to the reception of one turban of immense expanse, Barney sallied forth; and, as nearly as may be calculated, an hour after that time, Miss Stapleton seated herself at one of the drawing room windows overlooking the square, and the street whence she knew her Mercury would emerge. During her sojourn there, she had leisure to translate into plain English, the real meaning of "less than no time." She decided it to be an extremely "long time;" and at last came to the conclusion, that it could mean nothing less than "for ever." It was, perhaps, a little unreasonable to think that

Barney could navigate his basket through five miles of crowded streets with the speed of light. The fact was, he was performing his journey by short and easy stages. The wind was high and gusty; and the load, when elevated on his shoulders, was so wide, and so light, as to catch the full benefit of the gale at every corner, wheeling poor Barney about to right or left, as the case might be, greatly to his own discomfort, and the no less impatience of pedestrians, who buffeted him, without mercy, from side to side, angrily demanding, if he meant to occupy the whole street? Why he did not travel by waggon? with such like witticisms.

The-basket bearer struggled and plodded on; but ever and anon, as he found it expedient for a few moments' rest, to put up, or rather "put down," at the ancient village of St. Giles,—the well known Bars of Holborn,—on ascending the eminence of Snow Hill,—and again in traversing Cornhill, &c. &c., he could not resist the impulse which caused him to open and peep into his basket. "To see was all right," as he would have said, had he been detected in the act. He had safely reached the corner of Fore Street; but, before he turned into Finsbury Square, he resolved to indulge his eyes with one more

glimpse at its contents. A more imprudent position he could not have fixed on for his purpose. The wind eddying round the corner of the immense square, seemed to rush, as if for shelter, into Barney's basket; but, alas! the intentions of Boreas were proved to be even more culpable, for no sooner was the lid raised, than diving beneath the gauzy, balloon-like petticoat, and assisted in his progress by sundry ropes, or rouleaus of satin terminating the same, he inflated, and, the next instant, on his airy pinions, carried off, the important object of Barney's mission.

Away it sailed, far above the heads of the wondering crowd; and having fairly entered the square, seemed to enjoy the increased latitude thereby allowed to various capricious curvets and capers, which, on the opera stage, would have elicited thunders of applause. Now it would pirouette before an attic window; and again descending, dip its flounces for refreshment into the mud that deeply covered the pavement; and, eluding the grasp of some dozens of pursuers, would rise again into mid-air, and resume the twirlings, bobbings, and plungings, so highly amusing to an uncultivated and delighted audience, whose interest and attention were so completely absorbed

in the "performance," as to have neither sympathy for the piteous ubbabboo sent forth by Barney, or the dismayed aspect of poor Fanny, whose long watching was at length rewarded by witnessing this heart-breaking sight.

Let those who have trembled with mixed sensations of joy, fear, and timidity, at their approaching entrance into the world of gaiety,—whose every thought for many weeks has regarded, not only the general appearance to be made, but every minutæ relating to the grand event,—whose dread of not being equipped in time, or of a fit of gout visiting mamma,—let those, for those only truly can, commiserate Fanny Stapleton.

In mute despair,—for her rapid eye took in, not only Barney, but the precise colour (that is, the original colour) of her dress, together with certain bunches of jonquils, chosen by herself, and tastefully sprinkled here and there at the will of the tasteful Madame Lamode,—she approached the table at which her mother was seated; and, the powers of speech failing, dragged her to the window, and pointed to the horrid vision.

A scream, loud and long, from the doting parent, was chimed in with by a tremendous wailing, proceeding from the lips of Barney,

who had now entered the hall. From his discordant tones, and violent gestures, it would, by any spectator, have been imagined, that in Master Mahoney's person misfortune had taken up her residence. In proportion as his own imprudence, and consequent danger, flashed upon him, so, increased his efforts to express his grief, and, at the same time, to establish his innocence.

"Let the boy come up immediately," said his mistress. "Let us hear what he possibly 'can' say, in justification of his abominable carelessness."

Within the room, however, the culprit dared not advance; but dropping down on both knees at the entrance, he lifted up his hands, and with every mark of truth and sincerity, began to exculpate himself to the best of his ability.

It never required more than three quarters of a minute to enable Barney to summon up as ingenious a lie as ever was coined in or out of Munster. While, therefore, apparently occupied in the reiterations of his ullagones, and ubbaboos, he was, in reality, waiting for the opening charge, preparing his defence, and gaining the 'vantage ground by learning what portion of his delinquency had positively come to light.

“Get up off your knees, Sirrah! and instead of blubbering there, tell me the reason of this accident. How came you to ‘think’ of opening the basket, when I so particularly ordered you not to do so?” cried the angry Mrs. Stapleton. “You saw him open it, did you not, my dear?” she continued, turning to her daughter.

“I saw nothing,” returned Fanny, “but my dress flying through the air; and the lad standing under it, with his mouth as wide open as if he expected, in one of its descents, it would take refuge there.”

“There’s hopes o’ life yet,” reflected Barney, on hearing the extent of the exposure. “Ah! thin, misthress dear, ma’am,” he exclaimed, “an’ doant be afther layin’ de blame on a poor b’y that’s as innicent as de child unborn, so he is; an’ had nayther hand, act, nor part in this misfortin; so he had’n’t!” Observing an incredulous reception of so bold an assurance, he continued—

“Iss indeed, ma’am, its God’s thruth I’m tillin’ yees on me two bended knees, an’ may I niver peel another praty but its I’m de b’y to be pitied, so I am; an’ thumped, an’ whacked, I been in de streets, so I have. Och hone! Och! milliah murthers,” cried he, placing his

hand across his back, and writhing, as if still suffering from the effects of direful ill usage.

“Poor fellow!” interposed Fanny. “Do not be angry with him, mamma: perhaps he could not help what has happened, after all!”

“Ah! the blessin’ o’ St. Pathrick, an’ all his saints, on you, Miss Fanny, for that same, any way. Shoore, its you that has de sweet, asy, forgivin’ temper, an’ de heart of an angel, any way; an’ its trou’ fire an’ water I’d go, so it is, be day an’ be night, on me bended knees, to sarve yees; an’ now to think how I was takin’ de gratest care in life, so I was, of the bewtiful gownd, an’, ather all, this misfortin to happen it an’ me! bud ’tis de cunstable, an’ not poor Barney, shoore, desarves de blame, de big, blusterin’, spalpeen as he is! wid his umbrelli cloak, an’ his white gloves upon him, an’ meets me in Fore Street over, (for I’d cum as far as that same, all safe an’ stiddy,) an’ me cummin’ along, thinkin’ o’ nothin’ at all at all, barrin’ oney how glad I was to git home an’ all right, an’ how iligint Miss Fanny ’ud look in her fine new gownd; an’ its up to me he comes, an’ pulls me be de basket, an’ ses he, ‘Hollow me lad,’ he ses, ‘where do you cum from? an’ what’s this yees ha’ got in yer big bird cage?’ he ses. ‘I cum

from forrin parts,' ses I, thinkin' to settle him ; 'an' its what I got in me basket,' I ses, 'is what I brote wid me,' ses I, 'becase its de thing I was sent for;' just so 'to him.'"

" 'Cum! cum!' ses he, 'sharp answers don't pass in de city. Is it long since you left de Compter?' ses he, 'mebbe I may show you de way back there, if yees doant let me see what's in that basket.'

" 'Counter yerself!' ses I, 'I niver sarved in a shop yet, an' its what I hope I niver wud be brote to it, any way.' So wi' that he calls up two more o' de same ill-looking faction; an' what cud Barney do among so many, miss? an' they pulls up de lid o' de basket wid a jerk like, an' me sthrivin' to keep it down, an de wind cum an' tuk de bewtiful gownd, shoore, quite an' clane out o' de basket, an' de niver a know more does Barney know about it, oney seein' it flyin' away up trow de air, like Paddy Mooney's goose it was, or Daniel O'Rourke. An' its eviry colour I am, I'll ingage, savin' yer presence, undther me cloes, in regard o' de batin' I got from de three o' them, de thieves o' de world!"

Here ended Barney's defence: it imposed on his good-natured hearers; and the chief conse-



quence arising from the affair was, that Miss Stapleton's debüt was postponed, and eventually took place in a more select assemblage than that usually to be found at a Mansion-house ball, in our good city of London.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Milord Always.*

WHEN our adventurer judged that the accident of the ball dress (as related in the last chapter) had sufficiently faded from the recollection of his mistress, he took an opportunity of requesting leave of absence, in order to put in force a certain project he had long entertained, and which had for its object the providing for his brother Patrick. He remembered the injunctions of his father on this head; and though Barney might justly be styled a lad of "easy principles," yet he certainly had at heart the fancied "honour of the family." He had heard that a place in the Excise was in the gift of Lord Cork. Of course to be had for the asking. Those who are acquainted with the awe in which an Irish peasant holds an exciseman, will understand the extent of Barney's ambition, when he determined to apply for the place in question. Requesting an audience of Mrs. Stapleton, he began—

“If you please, ma’am, I’d be glad I could be spared an hour or two dis mornin’, if you please?”

“What do you want to do, Barney?”

“’Tis to go see Lord Cork, ma’am, I’m wantin’.”

“To see Lord Cork, Barney? What can you possibly have to do with Lord Cork? Do you know his lordship?”

“I do nat, ma’am; but he’s a townsman o’ mine, an’ its in regard of a small fever I tought to ask, for a strip of a b’y, a brother o’ me own, an’ its in his power to do it; so, in coorse, its askin’ nothin’ out o’ de way, at all at all.”

“Rather a hasty conclusion that, Barney. However, go, if you consider your claims on his lordship’s time give you a chance of being admitted,” said Mrs. Stapleton.

“Oh! no fear in life. Wonst I get to de spache of him; an’ why wouldn’t I, bein’ his townsman an’ all?”

Away went Barney Mahoney, nothing daunted, on a mission that, to an English lad of his standing, would have appeared an undertaking replete with difficulties. And back he returned, with a smiling countenance.

“ Well, Barney !” said his mistress, “ how have you succeeded ? Did you find the house ? ”

“ Oh, I did, ma'am ; an' iligant house it is, shoorely, all out ; an' I raps at de doore, single, as you bid me when I'm be meself ; an' a great big man, wid a red face an' a green baizy apron on him, opens it, wid a broom in his hand, for 'twas sweepin' out de hall he was ; an' thinks I to meself, yees makes an iligant housemaid, any way ; but they've sthrange ways here in England, thinks I. So I ses nothin', bud scraped me shoes at de iron strap like, be de doore, an', 'Is Lord Cork widin?' ses I.

“ ‘ Widdin,' ses he, (mimickin', de way de English does, bud its nat'ral to 'em I s'pose.) 'You don't suppose, Misther Free an' asy,' ses he, 'that a nobleman 'ud be *widout*, at this time o' de mornin',’ he ses.

“ ‘ 'Tis all right, thin,' ses I, 'for I wants to see his lordship.' ”

“ ‘ You do ? ’ ses he, an' he puts down his broom, an' goes an' sits himself down in a leather closet like, fixed in de middle of de hall, an' ‘ Pray, me fine fella,' ses he, ‘ how long may you have bin cot ? I mane, how long have you been in Hingland ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Not long enough to wear out me manners,' ”

ses I; 'so, if its any way consarnin' you to know, its five months since I left de bewtiful city of Cork.'"

"'And what may have brought you to London?' ses he.

"'Me bis'ness,' ses I.

"'Then yer bis'ness may take you back there,' ses he, mockin' again; 'for its nayther yer Hirish brogue,' he ses, 'nor yer impudence, 'll carry you through to me lord.' His lord! de vagabone, sweepin' blagguard! takin' de bread out o' some poor girl of a housemaid's mout', that's wantin' it may be. So just thin there comes trow de hall, a woman I knoed very well in Cork, by rason her mother's cousin's sither was a kind of relation to me uncle at Cove's first wife, an' its cook in de family she is; an' 'Barney Mahoney!' ses she, 'is that you at all at all?'

"'Shoore, 'tis meself, an' none else,' ses I; 'why wouldn't it? an' I've bis'ness wid Lord Cork, an' this housemaid in breeches,' I ses, 'won't let me to de spache of him, so he won't.'

"'Come wid me,' she ses. 'I don't wish to bring nobody into trouble, Mr. Porter,' she ses to him in de green apron, 'so I'll take me counthreeman down de airy steps, for I'd soonder

get meself disgrace, nor see a townsman turned from de doore.'

"'Take him where you like,' grumbled de porter, 'but through my premises he don't pass; a himpident, Hirish jackanapes! I can't think why me lord don't have Hinglish servants about him, not I.'

"Well! down some steps we went, an' trou' long dark passages, an' at last we stopped at a doore, an' Mrs. Garatty (that's me mother's cousin's sither's relation) she tapped at de doore, an' 'Come in,' ses a voice; an' we went into a nice parlour, all carpetted over, an' a lady ('seemin'ly') sittin' at a table full of crocks of jams an' jellies, an' she a paperin' 'em up; an' 'Mrs. Uniacke,' ses Mrs. Garatty, 'here's a counthreeman o' yours an' mine, wantin' to see me lord; if you'd help him to a —— retinue,' or some word like that, she sed, 'we'd both feel obleeged.' So wi' that I up an' tould 'em what it was I was seekin'; an' afther waitin' sum time, Mrs. Uniacke consitherin', she tould me, if I'd behave genteel, an' say 'My Lord Always,' she'd take me up her ownself to his lordship.

"Its a quare name, (ses I to meself,) but prap's 'tis his Christian name it is. So when

she'd finished de sweetmates she tuk off her apron, an' 'Now,' ses she, 'come along wi' me.

"Well, we went up a many flights of stone steps, an' trow' a little doore, an' out upon sich a grand staircase! Oh, my! it bate all I ever see; an', ses I, 'Dublin itself can't aqual this.' But I'd no time to look amost, till Mrs. Uniacke pointed to a doore. 'That's me lord's dressin' room,' ses she, 'do you stay here while I spake to de valet.'

"Then de valet cum out, an', as luck would, he was a county Limerick man, an' afther a little parlyin', 'Cum here, young man,' he ses, 'I'll shew you de way.'

"At last I got into de room, an' there was Lord Cork clanin' himself, an'—

"Dressing, you mean, Barney."

"No, indeed, ma'am, 'tis his teeth he was brushin'; an' 'Well,' ses he, 'who are you?' So I tould him me name was Barney Mahoney, a county Cork man, an' how I'd got a sarvice in London, an' how a brother o' mine, (that's Pathrick, you know, ma'am,) not come over yet, was in want of promotion, in regard of a place he'd be gettin', as I hard he might be a sthroke o' de pen from his lordship, in de Excise.

“ ‘An’,’ ses he, ‘ who sent you? an’ how came you to ixpect I’d do it?’—spittin’ betune whiles in de basin.

“ ‘An’,’ ses I, ‘ nobody sent me but meself, me Lord Always,’ ses I; ‘ an’ thinkin’ its agreeable to yerself it ud be, to sarve a friend, me Lord Always’ (for I remembered me of what Mrs. Uniacke had tould me in respect of mentionin’ his name, ma’am).”

“ ‘ But what are his claims? me good lad,’” ses he.

“ ‘ Shoore an’ is n’t wantin’ it claim enuff?’” ses I, for I tuk heart, sein’ he spoke so gentle.

“ Be this time his mout’ was finished, an’ de valet began curlin’ his hair, givin’ us de manes to discoorse moore comfortable.”

“ ‘ I must hear a little more about you,’ ses his lordship, ‘ before I give you an answer.’”

“ ‘ Be all manner o’ manes, me Lord Always,’ ses I; ‘ shoore that’s bud fair any way. I cum o’ dacent pepel,’ I ses, ‘ for me modher’s gran’ father was a Callaghan, an’ own blood relation to Lord Lismore himself.’ ‘ Very good,’ ses me lord. ‘ An’ me fadher was foster-brother to sportin’ Squire Barry, of Rathcormick, that kept de hounds, an’ he went abroad to forrin parts to see de world, an’ got a place in de army, an’



wud' a' riz' there's little doubt; bud 'twas de smell o' de pipe-clay, for clanin' the 'coutrements he niver cud abide, it disagreed wid his stum-mick intirely: an' his kernel sed it was n't con-venient to keep him in de regiment, so he ped his passage home to Cork, gintale; bud he seen a deal o' de world any way, for he went trow' London, an' to the king's pallis, an' —"

“ ‘ Well, well! that's enuff about him,' ses me lord. “ ‘ He settled in Cork, I suppose, and, like other poor Irishmen, raised a family about him he had no means of supporting, and now wishes to dispose of half a score of b'ys.”

“ ‘ That's just it, to a hair,' ses I.”

“ ‘ An' what are the qualifications of this brother of yours, supposin' I'd get him de place? ' ses me lord.”

“ ‘ Faix den 'tis he's qualified for that or any thing else, intirely. Weren't we all brought up gintale, an' used to go to Justin Delany's, de one-eyed schoolmaster, in Blackpool, an' got redin' an' ritin' for a fi'penny a week; an' whin we'd take a coorse o' manners two-pence a week more, for a half-quarter or so, when we'd be in most want of de polish; an' niver let do nothin' dirty, so we was n't, in de way o' work, more than may be mixin' a hod a' mortar, or carryin'

a load o' bricks for de masons, whin me fadher 'ud have no lanin' to his profession of a Monday mornin' sometimes.' ”

“ ‘ Then you earned nothing yourselves? ’ ”

“ ‘ Oh! we did, of an odd time. We weren't above goin' an errand, or holdin' a jintleman's horse, or such a thing. 'Twas few things indeed Pathrick an' meself could n't turn our hands to, in de way of airnin' an honest an' gintale fi'penny.' ”

“ ‘ Cork is a fine city? eh! ’ ”

“ ‘ 'Tis you an' I may say that,' ses I; ‘ not bud I'm ownin' London's a fine place too, oney I don't see a street to plase me like de Grand Parade, wid King George a hossback at one end of it. An' where is de likes of an iligant walk of a summer's evenin' to Sund'y's well, or out be de Watercourse, or —— ’ ”

“ ‘ Sandy's what? ’ ses me lord.”

“ ‘ Sund'y's Well, shoore, plase yer honor, me Lord Always; yees knoes Sund'y's Well an' de way up to it be Wise's distillery an' de North Mall; or be de Dyke with two bewtiful rows of trees, an' de iron gates on ache side of it, an' across the ferry to the tay house? ’ ”

“ ‘ I can't say I ever hard the names before,'

ses me lord; 'an' one rason may be, I never was in Cork in me life.'"

"Never was in Cork, ma'am! oney hearken to that. Bud there! its the blissed fruits o' de Union they tell me;—I've hard dem as understood it, say, We've been a neglected an' divided counthree since ever de union. More's de pity! However, he's an iligant jintleman all out, so he is, if he nivir did see his native place; which it might be no fault of his afther all, if he happened to be born in a forrin land. A man can't always be born where he likes."

"Very true, Barney. But how ended your interview!"

"Ah! that's de word, shoore enuff, an' not 'retinue,' as I sed awhile agone. Why, ma'am, we had a deal more discourse, an' he axed me a power o' questions, an' I told him how I was tuk from home be Mr. Stapleton, to be made into a vally de sham, an' was risin' fast, I sed, an' cud go of errands all one as if 'twas in Cork I was; an' at long an' last he tould me to write over an' bid me brother cum at wonst, an' he'd see an' settle him whin he'd consider what he'd be fit for. An' I think I gave his lordship's honor intire satisfaction, for I hard him laughin' mighty

hearty all de way I cum down stairs; so I look upon it Pathrick's bis'ness is as good as dun."

The brilliant success of our hero on this occasion gave him increased confidence in his own peculiar skill and address, although the next proof of their exercise was less applauded than he thought it deserved to be.

It chanced that, through some commercial connexions of her father, a young man, named Layton, had obtained an introduction to Fanny; and, whether influenced by the attraction of her personal charms, or those more powerful ones contained in the strong box of her parent, Mr. Layton found it convenient and agreeable to cultivate, to its fullest extent, the slight acquaintance thus accidentally gained.

Now Mr. Layton did not happen to be, in any one respect, the "sort of person," as ladies say, that Fanny believed she could like; and as increased intimacy opened her eyes to his hopes and views, it also placed before them, in still stronger light, the incontrovertible fact, that Mr. Layton was by no means "cut out for her." So obtuse were his perceptions on the chances of non-approval, that he pertinaciously carried his unwelcome attentions to a degree of annoyance, that at last rendered him quite hateful to

the object of them. Nor did she feel her forbearance improved towards him by the stupidity (as she thought) of Barney, who, whenever he happened to be holding office as porter, invariably ushered in the forward youth with—"Mr. Layton, Miss!" thus marking still more offensively the object of his visit.

Fanny's ears had been so often offended in this way, that she could no longer refrain from lecturing Barney on his peculiar mode of announcing this gentleman; and to this measure she was particularly urged by its having recently taken place when one or two of her first-rate dangles were present, causing them to break off in the midst of an agreeable conversation, and to take an abrupt leave.

"Shoore 'tis you he asks for, Miss! iver an always, so he does," replied Barney, in answer to her remonstrance. "An' 'tis meself tout' he had his reasons for it. An' who d' blame him for that same," he added to himself.

Instructions were given on this point, and amendment followed. The odious Layton, however, still persevered in his attentions; but feeling insecure, or rather ill-placed, in Fanny's affections, feared to hazard his direct proposals on no better ground than he at present held; he

contented himself with the flattering favour of performing shadow to Miss Stapleton, whenever possibility allowed him to distinguish her in that way. By some means or other, he always contrived to penetrate into her engagements; and if these were of a public nature, he had, or made, frequent opportunities of joining her.

In addition to these persecutions, he was continually bringing splendidly-bound books, on which he craved her opinion, &c. &c., still further teasing her, by leaving the same behind him. And on her requesting he would desist from this practice, and send for his property, which she declared was far too fine to use but in fear and trembling, the rash man insinuated a hope that their removal was unnecessary, since "soon, he trusted, they would become their joint possession."

So headlong a plunge brought matters to a climax. Fanny was now roused to demand his meaning. Layton explained; and her unequivocal refusal met the astounded ears of her lover. His own opinion of himself and fortune being considerably above par, he, for some time, felt utterly incapable of believing that Miss Stapleton could be serious in declining to accept his

hand. He even attempted remonstrance on the occasion, endeavouring to point out how fully justified he considered himself in "the election (he was pleased to say) he had made. That it resulted from a long cherished conviction of her being the very person of all others he most admired." Fanny here interrupted him to state that, as the impression was unfortunately not mutual, nor ever could be, she would spare him the humiliation of a lengthened interview. Still did the pertinacious suitor continue to urge his reasons for a more favourable reception of his vows. He protested he could be satisfied without her love at present. It would come after marriage. He did not admire those sentimental young ladies who fancied it incumbent on them to be in love with their betrothed husband.

Here the impatient damsel once more interrupted him, saying, "Every word I have said to you, Mr. Layton, is precisely what I think, feel, and never intend even attempting to alter. Since you disregard my wish that you should take your departure, I am under the necessity of wishing you good morning."

Here she left the room, and the amazed lover

to his meditations, who had no resource but to take his hat and walk out of the house.

“We must send the man’s books home, my dear,” said Mrs. Stapleton, on hearing her daughter’s account of the interview: “I am excessively glad you have given him his dismissal. Pack them up, and Barney, I think, shall take them. It will be better than sending James, who might be asking a thousand questions of Mr. Layton’s servant.”

“Come hither, Barney!” accordingly said his young mistress. “You know where Mr. Layton lives?”

“Oh! I do, miss; that’s, I do nat, in iviry respect know de name o’ de street, an’ number o’ de house, an’ all that; bud alls one. Shure I’ll find it, if ’twas a back o’ Macgillicuddy’s reeks it was, an’ me havin’ a tongue to de fore.”

“Well! I have directed the parcel, you see. You know your way to Islington, and when there, any one will direct you to Mr. Layton’s. Be sure you ascertain you have found the right house, and leave this, with my compliments. No other message. Mind, that there is no answer. You need not wait a moment,—remember that.”



“Is it me wait! an’ bid not? Well, that flogs all! that whin I’m sent of a errind cums back an’ all before a’most I’m gone.”

In an inconceivably short time Barney did return, breathless, from the haste he had made to oblige his young mistress, and to bring her the intelligence, that in the superabundance of his sagacity, he judged had formed the real purport of his mission.

“You are sure you left the parcel properly? Did you see Mr. Layton’s servant?” inquired Fanny.

“I did, Miss, his own man; an’ give him de books, an’ sed your complements, an’ ’ud be glad to know how he did to-day.”

“How very stupid! Did I not tell you not to wait at all?”

“No more I did n’t wait, Miss, an’ run ivery fut o’ the way home I did; an’ sed I could n’t be no manes cum in, tho’ he was mighty perlite, I will say, an’ wanted me go down de while he’d see had his master any message back; but I told him I had pertickler orders to cum back im-madiately, wid de answer—an’ would n’t, nor did n’t, go in; oney sed I was sorry to hear de gentleman was sick.”

“How very provoking!” exclaimed the irri-

tated Fanny. "Just as if I had sent to inquire how he bore his disappointment!"

"Any thing more is there I can do, Miss?" inquired the boy. "An' somehow, be de powers, I b'lieve I have n't dun right ayther this time."

"No matter! you cannot undo it now. You may go."

"Stupid booby!" was the irrepressible ejaculation which escaped the lips of Fanny Stapleton. as the door closed on the offender.

## CHAPTER V.

*The Lady of Quality.*

THE ease with which Barney had gained access to Lord Cork, and his astonishment at the splendour he beheld in the mansion of that nobleman, engendered a thousand vague and floating ideas in his speculative brain. He began to think it would be a fine thing to get a service in some noble family. He paid two or three subsequent visits to his friend and relation, Mrs. Garatty, every one of which had tended to lower his estimation for "city people," and increase that sensation (inherent with him) of extreme awe towards all those "of rale blood," as he expressed it.

Besides, his request touching Patrick's place in the Excise, had been received and complied with so smoothly, that his brother conceived, if he were actually resident in some family of distinction, he should not have the slightest difficulty in establishing his whole tribe of brothers and sisters in "less than no time."

He had sounded Mrs. Garatty on this subject; for, with all his ambition, the youth had no wish precisely to lose hold of his present situation, until secure of a better.

“What a fine thing it 'ud be now, Mrs. Garatty—if supposein' I'd any friend to help me to id—to git a place in some rale ould family, of de ould stock all out. I'm thinkin', sometimes, its bud a daler I'm livin' wid', afther all, an' niver had bud marchant's blood in his veins, an' niver can. Not bud he's de good mather, I can't gainsay that, any how, an' niver puts upon me, so he doesn't, an' why would he? an' me modher a Callaghan. Bud be what I can make on id, he's bin a risin' man iver an' always, an' his fadher afore him; an' I hard de cook say, her modher rimimbered of his gran'fadher keepin' a shop in Cheapside. So in coorse he's nothin' at all at all in de way o' descent an' that; an' as for Misthress Stapleton, wedder she'd iver a fadher or modher, though its like she'd both, de niver a hear I ever hard 'em mintioned, up stairs or down; inside or out; seed, breed, or generation; nor hasn't a banshee belongin' to 'em.—An' 'tisin't de bad misthress she is for all.”

“Ethen, Barney! Barney hould yer whisht. Is it a good bed an' boord ye'd be givin' up, man

alive? Consither what yees is about, yer sowl! an' doant be brakin' de hearts o' them as rared ye, an' flingin' yer praty to de pig, so don't."

"Eych! Misthress Garatty, its no thought I have to lave me prisint sitewation widout I'd be gettin' one more to me mind, doant you see. Bud its up intirely, the city, so it is; an' all de mont's I bin in Finsbury Square, de niver a lord, nor even so much as a duke, I seen rap at our doore; an' meddent, maybe, if I'd stay as many years. So there! what use, why!"

"Remember the home yees lift behint yees, Barney, avick! an' doant be temptin' Providence, so doant."

"I was just thinkin', Mrs. Garatty, if in case any thing 'ud fall in yer way in de thrifle o' gettin' me a futman's place, or that —"

"The Lord presarve me an' mine! A futman's place! ye upstart rapparee; its little yees noes o' futmen's places, or how they're cum by, I'm judgin'. Go yer ways home, Barney, a boughal! an' doant be affther cuttin' yer own blessid trote, so doant, 'till yees knoes where yees 'll get it mended."

Notwithstanding this pungent remonstrance, her visitor remained doggedly confirmed in his determination to "better himself" on the first

convenient opportunity. The rebuff he had received from the "relation of his mother's cousin's sister," had the effect of souring his temper in some degree; and, on retiring to rest, he discovered that the strip of carpeting by his bed side, and which had been removed to undergo the weekly process of shaking, had remained two nights absent without leave. To a premeditated slight on the part of Betty he attributed this piece of neglect; and it dwelt so painfully on his mind, as to reduce the alacrity of his movements, and thereby attract the attention of his kind-hearted master, to look attentively in his cloudy countenance.

"What is the matter, Barney? What makes you look so downcast this morning? You are not ill, I hope?"

"A cowl'd it is, yer honor, very bad, I got, all over me."

"Ah, indeed! how came that to pass, my lad? we must give you a little medicine, perhaps."

"Physick wouldn't do me no good, yer honor, so it wouldn't," returned the youth, gloomily.

"Is there any thing else you suppose would prove more efficacious?" asked the indulgent Mr. Stapleton.

"Its de carpet out o' me room, an' Betty's

tuk it away intirely, so she has ; an' its killed wid de could I am, all out, puttin' my futteneens on de bare boords of a mornin'."

"Ha, ha! Well, this is something good, I must say. Ha, ha, ha! Barney, my good lad, I cannot help being amused at the tenderness that has 'fallen upon you' in so short a time. Have you quite forgotten, silly boy! that you never even saw a carpet, or a boarded floor either, until you came into this house? Go along! to your business, and let me see no more of such folly."

Housemaids have golden opportunities. They are for ever dusting and scrubbing in the vicinity of any conversation that happens to be private; and, if they manage their ears and their duster with any dexterity, its hard but they glean all they care to listen to. If we open a door suddenly, and discover Betty on her knees, and with her head suspiciously close to the key-hole, we also find her vehemently rubbing away at the mouldings of the same; and we all know, that exertion in this position calls an unusual colour into the face—so that blushes go for nothing.

If Betty, on this occasion, chanced to be sweeping down the stairs, how could she help hearing what passed between her master and

Barney? except, indeed, the functions of the broom had suffered no interruption in their cleansing operations.

On sitting down to breakfast, she resolved to take her revenge for having been "reported," although without any fear of disgrace ensuing from her unimportant oversight; and addressing the cook, said—

"You'll have to make a possett for Mr. Mahoney here to-night, I expect. Mistress has sent for the doctor, and its likely he'll put him to bed and well physick him."

"What ails him, then? he seems to take to his breakfast well enough, at any rate."

"Aye, that's the fever. I was that way myself once, and could eat any thing that came before me; and, for all that, I all but died. 'Twas a false appetite, the doctors said. I don't know what they call a real one."

Fever is a startling sound in the ears of the poorer class in Ireland. Barney paused in his attack, his cheeks for a moment blanched; but Betty lost her powers of countenance, and bursting into a coarse laugh, continued—

"There's a pretty fellor for you, that never had but a hearthen floor to stand on, 'till he left his own beggarly country, and goes complaining



to master I'd took his bed-side carpet away. Pretty creature! and he got his death of cold putting his tender little feet on the boards. No wonder! and he never saw'r a carpet or boards either, I heard master say, not till sich times as he comed here."

"Didn't I, thin?" retorted the boy. "Yeh! thin, if its me modher hadn't de iligant house, an' best o' furniture, so she had."

"Now don't talk nonsense, my lad," interposed the coachman, "we have some notions of what a Hirish ovel his, afore to-day. 'Ow many rooms had your mother in er ouse?"

"She'd two, thin! besides de drawin'-room up stairs, shoore."

"And 'ow many flights of stairs might you go up to find this drawin-room?"

Now Barney knew that a ladder, as before described, formed the means of communication between the general room, and that cavity or loft in the roof he had dignified by so fine a name; but, as it was neither convenient nor agreeable to acknowledge this fact, he applied himself with redoubled vigour, and some show of sulkiness, to the disposal of his breakfast. The banter to which he had exposed himself, rendering still stronger his ardent wish for a

change of abode, and he once more ventured to canvass Mrs. Garatty on the subject; at the same time obliging her with a dismal and exaggerated history of his sufferings in the family of Mr. Stapleton.

“Its a sponce ye are, Barney, an’ that’s God’s thruth.”

“A ‘sponce!’ May be it isn’t me modher’s son ye’d be callin’ that same, an’ she to de fore!”

“Ogh! Barney a lanna! ’tis yer mother’s de dacent woman; an’ only for her I uddent be listenin’ to your words, so I uddent; an’ kind to me an’ mine she was that time in the sickness,—yees doant mind the time, an’ was a sthrip of a b’y thin, so you was. Sorro’ taste of ingratitude iver was found in Judy Garatty, I’ll say that, if its meself owns to the name. So now listen to me, Barney, avick! an’ if its bent an’ bowed on a change ye are, may be it issent meself couldn’t help yees to a nate little gintale sarvice, with may be a lady o’ rale quality.”

“Eych! You couldn’t! Ah, thin, Misthress Garatty, dear, ’tis yees ’ll be de rale friend o’ Barney Mahoney; an’, be all de crosses in a yard o’ check, if—”

“Hould your wisht, agin, an’ harken to me at wonst now. ’Tis a lady o’ rale quality I’m

tellin' yeesh she is, bud not the ould Irish, that's the throe Milesian stock, seein' she's a born Scotch'oman, an' niver as much as seen the land o' the sod sin' the daylight fell upon her; bud no mather for that—she's a lady by right an' by title, any way; an' if she's Scotch, that's not spakin' agin her character. They meddunt all be the devil's darlints for scrimpin' an' squeezin', so they meddunt; an' besides, its boord wages yeesh 'll be put upon, an' in coorse yeesh 'll make a purty penny out o' that same, if supposin' yeesh are the lad o' sinse an' discracion I tuk ye for. Its niver on boord wages meself, I wasn't; but in coorse, wi' broken vittals an' that, its plenty there must be cum down from me lady's table, an' no call to spind a hap'orth yerself, so yeesh needn't."

"Agra! my sowl! bud its a made man I'll be now, any way," cried her auditor, as the pleasant perspective of perpetual saving cheered his greedy heart.

"An' ye'll mind, now, above all, yer manners, an' doant disgrace yer counthree an' me, but discoorse 'em in yer best English; an' its quite aqual to the place yeesh are, say, an' can have the best o' characters, which its no doubt yeesh 'll get that same out o' Mистер Stapleton."

“An’ where is id at all, I’m to go? an’ what’s me new mistress’ name that is to be? an’ what ‘sort’ of a place is itself, too, Mistress Garatty?”

“‘ Be dhu huth!’\* wait, won’t yees, an’ larn one thing at a time, so do, an’ not be askin’ as many questins in a breath as ‘ud bother a priest. An’ it issent a mistress at all at all I’m puttin’ yees to, but a born lady o’ title all out, an’ belongs to some grand family abroad in her own counthree, that’s in Scotland, an’ her name’s Lady Teodozy Livincoort; a colleen, so she is, not been married, ye see, Barney. At number 4, or 9, I’m not rightly sartin which it is, yees ‘ll find her in, Curse ‘em Street, May Fair. Two maids an’ a man it is she keeps, an’ you ‘re to be the man, Barney,—that’s if yees gets it; an’ to clane plate, an’ knives, an’ shoes, an’ windy’s, an’ run errants, an’ wait table, an’ go out wid de carriage, an’—”

“Tunder an’ age! bud that’s a sample o’ work, Mistress Garatty.”

“Is it work ye calls it, ye spalpeen, ye! Shoore its nothin’ at all in life, an’ ‘ll take yees no time, scarcely; an’ its mendin’ yer cloes, an’

\* Hold your tongue.

purshooin' yer larnin', yees ought to be 'of evenin's an' odd times, if yees 'ud find ayther industhree or since widin side o' ye, ma boughal."

"In coorse I'll undhertake it, Misthress Garatty, dear! an' its yerself I'll be blessin' iviry night I live on my bended knees, won't I? to de day o' me death an' longer. It 'll be a grate thing, shoorely, to be own man to a rale lady; an' if there's a dale o' work, why de won pair o' hands o' me can bud be kept doin', an' gracious knoes, its that I am n'dw, so I am, an' no credit out on it, so I have n't; for its Barney here, and Barney there—an' de doore's to be swept immadiately, an' knives to be claned immadiately, an' Mither Charles wants his shoes immadiately, an' I must run for butther for de cook immadiately, an' if I'd twinty pair o' hands, an' thirty pair o' feet, I could n't be quick enuff, so I cud n't, wid all their immadiately's; an' its put upon I am be ivery sarvent, high an' low, an' its a blessin' it 'll be to have but one mout' to be ordtherin' an' callin' me about, for its fairly sick o' hearin' my own name I am, an' that's gospel thruth. An' 'whisper' Misthress Garatty, whin I'd be ill, divil a thing 'ud I git but dosed we' calumny pills; an' I ax yees if

that same's usage for a Christhian, let alone a Callaghan?"

"Ogh, thin! be the piper that piped afore Moses, bud the blud's in yees, a' boughal; an' 'tis yees 'll be fit to go alone, I'm judgin', woncet yees 'll get a thrifle o' exparience to the fore."

"Eh, then! Wait 'till a while ago, an' if it issent meself 'll turn out somethin' beyant common on yer hands, say me name's not Barney Mahoney, wó do."

After sundry vain inquiries for the Curse 'em Street of Mrs. Garatty, Barney at length made out, in Curzon Street, the residence of the Right Honourable Lady Theodosia Livincourt, eldest and only surviving daughter, as the peerage testified, of his Grace the Duke of Heatherland, from whose estates that nobleman derived his name; and which were situated on the northern border of Scotland; ample in extent, and although but partially cultivated, bearing an appearance considerably more fruitful than that of the Shetland Isles, or Nova Zembla. Being a somewhat sequestered territory, by reason of certain difficulties of approach, it was a region seldom visited by strangers; and the noble scions of the house of Heatherland might, with impu-

nity, talk in unmeasured terms of their "estates in the north;" and which, barren though they were, afforded them the means of existing, by strict economy, in the more genial south.

A house, of dimensions so narrow, that it gave the idea of having been forced in as a kind of wedge, after the street was built, owned for its proprietor the Lady Theodosia Livincourt. Its appearance, even outwardly, startled Barney; and when his single rap had gained him admittance, he was still more horrified by the air of meanness that pervaded the entrance, so opposite to that he had been accustomed to, "even in the city." His calculations, indeed, on the merits of the court end of the town, had led him completely astray. Firmly believing it to be in every respect superior, he was bewildered on entering the shabby abode of the "rale lady;" more particularly when, on being ushered into her very presence, he found the general appearance of herself, her house, and its worn out furniture, totally different from what he had figured in his mind's eye, as it was the antipodes of the comforts and luxuries so abundant in Finsbury Square.

A very diminutive figure, of indescribable age, and attired in a dressing-gown, the original colour

of which might have been sky-blue, or pea-green, but which, by dint of long service, and the influence of London smoke, now shrouded its pretensions under a tint well expressed in that name. A pair of tipless gloves, whose native whiteness could not long resist, though long it had borne, the attacks of the same enemy, gave to view ten crescents of a sombre hue, terminating the honourable fingers they but partially concealed. No cap adorned the head of this lady; but a frizzly mass of some filthy substance, distantly resembling hair, and of that mixture of iron grey of which Barney's "best suit" had formerly been composed, was suffered to do duty in the early part of the day, to be displaced towards two o'clock by the flaxen wig and ringlets considered due to the reception of company. On a sofa, which, had it possessed a tongue, might have said with the poet,—

"Harder than flinty rock," &c.

reposed?—no! such a thing was impossible; reclined?—no! her ladyship never descended from the perpendicular; sat?—it "might" be; although, to judge from appearance, one would have pronounced, "hung upon," to be the correct expression for the right painful position



of the right honourable spinster. Before the said personage, and an equally small, dirty, and dismal fire, stood a little round table, whose dingy damask bore on its emblazoned surface, one blue-and-white cup and saucer, one black tea-pot, of the comfortless size called "single lady," one red patterned plate, one green handled knife, one remains of a half-quartern loaf of most untempting aspect, one ditto dab of shapeless butter, one—oh, horror of horrors! one blue glass sugar-basin; and operations for the appropriation of these accurately described utensils had commenced, in the consignment of one tea-spoonful of stick-like hyson to the aforesaid one single lady tea-pot.

"Young man!" began the Lady Theodosia, in a tone, the united tremulousness and faintness of which was only like, (with the trifling reservation that none of us ever yet heard such a thing; but we have imaginations, gentle reader, have we not?) you and I then will agree,—it was like Pasta performing a shake upon a penny whistle. There was a sharpness in the sound, giving promise of shrilly scolding upon occasion, had strength of body or of lungs allowed it to be so exercised. At present, it was, however, by no means a frightful voice; and, as it proceeded in

apparent gentleness and placidity, Barney summoned up all his attention to gather the meaning of its half uttered expression.

“You are come to seek service with me, I understand?” continued the lady. “Now you will just listen until I have done speaking, before you open your lips, if you please. I am about to state to you the duties I should require from you, and you shall then tell me if you feel equal to the place. You seem strong and healthy. I fear you have a large appetite. Not that it will be of any importance to me, since my servants are on board wages, but it will be a sad drain upon your own pocket. You must not expect to get any thing that may go from my table. I am very particular; and if a morsel of bread were to be cut off ‘my’ loaf, or a single potato purloined, I should inevitably discover the same.”

“The Lord presarve us!” thought Barney, but he said nothing.

“You will have to wait upon me entirely, for I never permit a woman servant to be seen about me. Of course, you go all the errands; and, in short, do every thing but cook and make the beds. You must have no visitors of any description whatever, and I shall allow you to go out when I can spare you, which may possibly

be once in two or three months. Do you consider yourself capable of undertaking the place?"

"Plase yer honor's ladyship—"

"Oh! what, you are an Irishman, are you? Well, then, we may come to terms. Of course you can live on potatoes?"

"I have done that same, my lady, tho' I'm no ways pettickler to it in de shape of a diet, barrin' I could n't get no better."

"Certainly! that's natural enough. Well, then, I see you will do very well, I have no doubt; at any rate, you may come on a month's trial," interrupted Lady Theodosia, anxious to prevent her victim from declining the offer, and also to dismiss him without entering on the disagreeable and plebeian subject of wages.

"You will leave your address below, and I will see about your character. I have no doubt it will answer. You may go," she continued, ringing the bell; and Barney, whatever his skill might be in parrying an attack, or fighting shy, had neither talents for, nor practice in this sort of single handed encounter, where, as he said, "all de tongue was o' one side."

Crest fallen and dejectedly did he seek his friend, Mrs. Garatty.

"Wey, thin! if that's a lady I bin to, I niver

seen one afore, an' may I sup sorro' to me dyin' day, bud I niver wish to see another. Worrah! worrah! what 'll I do at all at all, an' she takin' no denial, nor so much as de licence o' spache allowed me. Ah, thin! Misthress Garatty, dear, bud its what I wish yees had a bin wid me. Be dis, an' be dat, bud yees niver seen such a double dyed neger in all your born days; an' skin a flint I'll go bail she would, an' make tay wid de parin's. Oh, Misthress Garatty, what 'll I do at all at all now?"

"An' that worse may niver happen ye, Barney, now! Ye graceless imp of ingratitude, that would take me throuble, an' recommendashon, an' not so much as 'thank ye, hunks, for the loan o' yer shivility.' Bud I've dun wid ye. I wash my hands clane an' clever o' yees, from this time out to the day o' judgment an' beyant; for a born nat'ral ye are, an' niver 'll cum to luck nor grace. Milliah murthers! is it wantin' yer bread butthered o' both sides yees are? The Lord forgive yer ungodly maw, that ixpicts to be crammed like an unfeathered poult, ye gomeril. Bud I'll tell yees what it is, my fat lad. Yees 'll jist go an' thry is it so bad as ye're lettin' on, all out, for I'm as good as sed yees should; an' there's a Garatty ses one thing, an' manes

another, its not her they call Judy, any how. Afther all, sarvice is no inheritance. Why! oncet yees get yer futtin' at the West end, shoore, its yees that 'll have the pick o' places, from this to Bally cally dash me lynch."

The latter part of the argument had weight with the youth, and their amity was renewed, on his promising to be guided in this affair by "Misthress" Garatty.

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Removal.*

ALTHOUGH possessed of remarkable callosity of conscience, yet Barney could not entirely stifle the monitor. It whispered in his ear that he was about to act an ungrateful part towards the benefactor who had fed, clothed, and instructed him. The nature of his philosophy, nevertheless, enabled him to assure and re-assure himself that his own personal advantage was a consideration of decidedly the first importance; which reflection, backed by the weight of his Milesian blood, and Mr. Stapleton's heresy, determined him to let no qualms of the said troublesome monitor swerve him from his purpose. The benefits and assistance he was to shower upon every member of his family, was, in Barney's eyes, the ornamental part of his plan; he placed it in the fore-ground of his own picture, and certainly it was the only feature in it claiming any pretensions to redeem the atrocity of its component parts.

It may seem a very easy matter for a person to get "out of" a good place and "into" a bad one; but there are instances where such a proceeding has its difficulties, and this was one of them. Of all the plans for discharging himself, that in rotation entered Barney's head, not one of them seemed satisfactory or feasible. He had not even the shadow of complaint to utter, unless it might be that he was by far better off than he deserved to be. To say he was homesick, and must return to "de groves of de pool," could never be credited. Equally vain would be the profession of illness; and as certainly it would bring upon him the doctor and his abhorred "calumny pills."

"Well, de devil a know do I know what I'll say to de masther at all at all," muttered the perplexed youth, as he turned from side to side on a bed that, six months before, he would have hesitated to take the liberty of lying down upon.

"I'd tell him de thruth, wid all de pleasure in life, iv there 'd be any use in id. But what good is openin' yer sowl to a heretic? Faix! a bowld sthroke 's all that's for it. Shoore I'll tell him at wonst its me intention to see de world. An' let him make what he can out o'

that, any way. Its what many's de b'ys dun afore me; an' no trason, so it issent."

The opportunity of putting this scheme in practice soon occurred; and the audacious lad requested "lave to quit de premises as soon as it 'ud be convanient."

"I do not quite understand what you mean, Barney. What premises are you talking about?"

"Yer honor's house, just! nathin' more nor less."

"Do you mean to say, you wish to leave my service?" asked the astonished Mr. Stapleton.

"Its what I some time med up my mind to, yer honor."

"But what reason can you possibly have for it, Barney? Are you not happy and comfortable in my family?"

"Eh, thin, it issent altogether in regard of de want o' comforts an' that; bud —"

"Have you experienced ill-treatment at the hands of any person in my house, high or low? Do not fear telling me. I insist on an unequivocal answer."

"Oh, I have nat, yer honor; bud its sixteen I'll be next St. Barnabus day; an' its seein' somethin' o' de world, so I ought to be, widout de smallest taste in life of faut to find of all



here. Me blessin' be over 'em. Its niver de betther place may be I'll get in a mont' o' Sund'ys, bud a b'y must folly what he's born to; an' we can't put over what's given out for us, so we can't."

"So you think destiny has favored you with a roving commission, do you?" said his petrified master. "But, my poor boy," he added, in a commiserating tone, "reflect on what you are about to do. I can scarcely yet believe you serious in the whim you have taken up. Let me advise you to be contented with the station allotted you here, and which you must be very sensible is one far beyond what your friends or yourself were justified in expecting for you. In fact, I took you from them, and do not feel justified in parting with you, at all events until they are consulted, and give you their advice. There, go down stairs, and think no more of such folly. I will endeavour to forget it; although I must add, that I am sorry and disappointed to find no more grateful return for all the kindness you force me to remind you, I have shewn towards you."

"'Tis no use to consult me friends, an' advice niver did no good to Barney, bud quite de contrarie; its me modher 'ud tell ye that same, yer

honor, an' always was harder to dhrive than Driscol's pig, an' that banged Bannaher for conthrariness all out. An' whin its to Cork they'd want to take him, de crather, there was no manes in life; bud shew him in a purtence de road to Mallow, an' shoore he'd pad de hoof to Cork at wunst thin. So its all one that same wid me; an' de more yer honor ses 'Stay an' be asy,' de more I won't be able do one nor de oder for de bare life."

"You are a strange, and, I fear, a good-for-nothing creature, Barney. However, I shall make it my business to inquire how you dispose of yourself; and if it be in a way I consider unfit for you, I shall most certainly send you over to Cork, to your parents, ill as they can afford to have you returned upon their hands."

In pursuance of this determination, Mr. Stapleton called upon Lady Theodosia Livincourt, whose toilet having been more carefully adjusted than on the morning of Barney's interview, he saw nothing positively to disgust, though much to commiserate, in the apparent poverty of every thing surrounding her ladyship.

On reflection, he considered that the imprudent boy might here receive a lesson powerful enough to be useful to him through life; and

the benevolent man entertained even some floating idea of receiving the 'penitent' Barney, at no distant period, again into his family; for he foresaw that the style of housekeeping to be expected in Curzon Street was as widely different from that in Finsbury Square, as he knew it would be distressing to a growing lad of immeasurable appetite.

In consequence of this impression, and intention of future forgiveness, he gave positive instructions that no reproaches should be levelled against the youth, but that he should be allowed immediately to depart to his new place. "He will soon 'feel,' though at present he cannot 'see,' his error," said Mr. Stapleton; "and he will feel it more usefully, and probably more deeply, if coming in the painful shape of reality, than in the equally true, and perhaps deserved form of reproach. I have satisfied myself that he is now steeled against that sometimes useful engine, and I am also fully persuaded of the delicacy it requires in its application to be of real use; I therefore request that the boy may remain unmolested on the subject."

The only mark of displeasure this good man would allow himself to shew towards his ungrateful protegée, was, in an order sent to him

by James, that he should make no attempt to take leave of any one in the house; and a desire that, should misfortune or disappointment assail him, he would apply to Mr. Stapleton.

Thus dismissed, spite of his hard-heartedness, Barney could not help feeling that he had, and justly, incurred a degree of disgrace. The prospect before him, too, was not sufficiently invigorating to lighten the weight upon his spirits; and he entered upon his month's probation in Curzon Street without any very brilliant ideas of amended fortune.

On reaching his new home, he found that he had arrived just in time, as the cook informed him, to carry up "my Lady's dinner," an office which had lately devolved on herself; "the last man," as she farther explained, having left at a moment's notice. Indeed, had she chosen to confess the fact, she could have told the new footman that it was the customary formula of departure from the service of Lady Theodosia Livincourt, who contrived always to engage her servants on a month's trial; long experience having proved to her ladyship that four-and-twenty hours generally were sufficient for the purpose, it was her only chance of keeping one a month. By this system, too, she almost in-

variably secured their services gratis; since, if the fortress were utterly untenable for the time specified, she was exempted from any claim of wages they might otherwise have brought against her.

Barney having deposited his wardrobe within a small, dark pantry, pointed out to him under the high sounding name of "Butler's room;" and which, nearly twelve feet square, contained the china, plate, and glass, of his honourable mistress, besides a small truckle bedstead destined for the reception of the principal part of himself during the night; of dimensions so narrow, that to turn over in it was not to be thought of; and so short, that either the feet or the head (at the option of the occupant) were fain to put up with the temporary accommodation of a chair placed at either end. The only light admitted into this apartment, was what is called a "borrowed" one, consisting of three panes of glass placed in the wall of the adjoining kitchen, and so near the ceiling thereof, as to be out of all reach of duster, or even broom. A long accumulation of smoke and dirt had left little more than the frame-work visible; and Barney trembled for his shins, as he groped about, in seeking his way out of this miserable chamber. It was no

time, however, for gloomy reflections: an important office awaited him. He had never been entrusted to do more than assist in waiting at Mr. Stapleton's table; but here, the whole weight of the business fell upon his shoulders, and he felt that some exertion was requisite, to acquit himself satisfactorily, more especially as he was somewhat tired from his long walk.

Considering that "dinner" is a meal universally professed and looked upon as the principal one of the day, it is quite marvellous to behold the endless variety of shapes under which it meets our eye. Our inexperienced "butler" had witnessed but two examples of the species; namely, a bowl of smoking and "smiling" potatoes, and the bountiful repast of Finsbury Square. His astonishment, therefore, was great, nay, more, it was painful, when summoned again by the cook, with the intelligence that "dinner was dished." On two small coverless dishes, he beheld two flounders, and three potatoes: a boat, (not a jolly boat,) with some darkish looking melted butter, completed the contents of his tray. He was told, that my lady kept her own loaf in the "chiffy-near;" and he looked round with a disappointed air, in hopes of discovering a second course in progress: all he saw was the

cook preparing her own tea-things; and he set forward with a heavy heart and a light load.

“Oh, you are come? that’s well,” was Lady Theodosia’s reception of our hero. And being a sentence not exactly requiring an answer, received none, for Barney felt a considerable diminution of his usual loquacity; a sensation that was not relieved on witnessing her ladyship, as indeed might naturally be expected, and with tolerably keen relish, clear the entire contents of her two dishes.

Barney’s appetite was not of that kind which ebbs and flows with the spirits; on the contrary, it was a constant, never-failing guest; indeed, his father had more than once remarked upon it—“Faix, then, I’ve hard of a b’y’s appetite that comes an’ goes, bud be de hoky, I b’live Barney’s there cums an’ stays.”

Barney descended with his emptied tray, and, as a last hope, inquired “What was to follow?”

“The carriage will be here for you to follow, by the time you’ve cleared away,” returned the cook. “If you meant any thing in the shape of second course, ’tis seldom my lady will trouble you in that way; except when she has a couple of eggs, (and that’s a dinner she’s mighty fond of,) I send them up at twice, ’cause she prefers

them hot and hot like. She has but a small appetite, and never eats more than goes up. Sometimes not that: the shells come down again mostly. But don't stand staring there, for she's going to I don't know how many fine parties to-night; so you'd better make haste and get your tea. I suppose you brought some with you, and a loaf?"

Barney had brought neither, and for very sufficient reasons—he did not possess a sixpence in the world, but he declared his hopes of obtaining a loan from Mrs. Garatty the following day; on consideration of which, he was allowed to partake of the scanty fare before him.

The carriage soon rattled up to the door, and bore the Lady Theodosia from one fine house to another, for the space of five good hours. Her ladyship, indeed, had no lack of invitations to the mansions of the great and the wealthy. Her rank was a letter of mark with both classes; and, although the smallness of her house and circumstances were well known to preclude any return of these civilities, yet "the name was no disgrace in any party; and her equipage, it must be confessed, was unexceptionable."

Twelve o'clock approached. Barney had penetrated the interior of two or three very



handsome halls, filled with equally fine powdered lackeys; but no symptoms of "feeding" had met his craving eyes, nor had there appeared the smallest intention on the part of his lounging companions to explore the lower regions for supper. Hungry he went out, and hungry he returned. Both hungry and cold he retired to his wretched pallet, and there he fairly blubbered himself to sleep.

The following morning, and before "my lady" was likely to require his attendance, he sought once more the Earl of Cork's residence, and gained access to Mrs. Garatty. To her he explained and expatiated on the miserable state of things to which her reckless will had consigned him; concluding the melancholy narrative with a request, that she would advance him a small sum for present exigencies, and promising duly to repay the same when his month's wages should become due.

"In coorse its what I couldn't be refusin' the son of her that stood me friend when I'd no other," returned the kind-hearted Irish woman; "though its little I tout' yees 'ud be wantin' for any thing, oncet ye'd get the place, Barney, my heart; bud there's no knoein', so there issent, what's inside of a house 'till yees are

fairly there; an' I'd be sorry to see one o' de name o' Mahoney in want, an' me able to help: so Barney, my b'y, here's a thrifle; an' He knoes, (casting her eyes upwards,) its not much de likes o' me has to spare; jist to git yees a pinch o' tay an' a dust o' sugar, be way o' dacency afore the cook, an' she an Englisher; but doant be usin' it now, be no manes, but come in here, its but a step, whin yees wants a male, an' its hard but Judy Garatty 'll find enuff for the likes o' ye, an' niver wrong nobody ayther,—we've none o' yer boord-wage scrim-pagin ways here. The Lord be praised for all things!"

During this speech, her auditor's attention had been entirely devoted to the disposal of some cold viands she had placed before him; and, when every scrap of the same had vanished from mortal view, he gained leisure to reply.

"De holy St. Pathrick, an' all his saints, now an' for iver reward yees, Misthress Garatty, dear; an' its yees have saved me from dyin' in a land o' plinty; so it is. Oh, Misthress Garatty, had yees a seen what I seen! no longer ago than yestherday: me misthress—that's me Lady—a pickin' de bones of thim two mites o' floundthers, an' me standin' behind

wondtherin' 'ud she lave skin or fin o' de two o' them; an' de praties one ather de other follying, as why should n't they; it uddint a' bin manners on 'em to lave them two poor dabs o' fishes willy wallyin' about upon an empty stummick, so it uddent: an' whin I'd taken down de praty palins an' run'd up to try 'ud I git de chance of a hunch o' bread, there it was locked up in de chickynear, an' no chance o' bite or sup at all at all for Barney. Den, I hard we was a goin' to me Lord this, an' me Lady tother's, an', thinks I, we'll be offered something be de way o' refreshment, in coorse; an' de Lord a' mercy upon de first mahogany I gets me two feet undher, for its supper, an' breakfast, an' dinner I'll make o' de one male, wonst I cum across it! ses I. Bud I need n't a' counted me chickens, for de hen was n't hatched to lay de eggs on 'em; an' devil a bit o' supper I seen, high or low, an' we out de whole night, so we was. An' now its what it bothers me, so it does, Misthress Garatty, to think what use, or is it right in her head me Lady is, to deny herself vittals an' that, an' keep a pair o' coach-horses; she'd git a good male o' mate out on, an' she to sell 'em, doant ye see?"

"It issent for such as ye, Barney, to think to

undherstand the ways o' the quality; an' many on 'ems to be pitied more than ourselves, for I've hard say that they 're obliged to keep up an appearance—that's what they calls it; its some-thin' I believe falls to 'em wid the title, an' they 'ud lose all their fortin, I judge, otherways, so its nat'ral they'd wish to keep that, ye see, Barney; an' that's what makes 'em dhrive about all night an' day, like mad, in de streets, an' hungry many a time, its little doubt but they is."

"There's one thing just I wish't, Mrs. Garratty."

"An' what's that same, Barney, now?"

"I wish't I was married, an' at home wid me mother-in-law."

"Go your ways at oncest now, an' doant be puttin' me beyant all patience, an' makin' yerself out a born idiot, so don't. Shoore issent life befoore yees; an' if this place don't shute, is that a rason why another meddent? An' when things is bad, issent it a sign they'll mend? I ask you that. You've no more heart nor a pullett, so you have n't, to be hangin' yer jaw as if yees had a mont's pinnance led upon ye, because ye can't be crammin' mornin', noon, an' night!"

"What less than a pinnance is it, then, Mis-

thress Garatty, an' I'll throuble yees, to be nothin' but runnin' up stairs an' down stairs, out an' in, here an' there, wid nothin' bud a dhried 'natomy of a lady to look at above stairs, an' a blackavized Jew of a smoke-dhried cook below; wid a dark hole to put me head in, an' a bed that cant hold bud de three o' me four quarters, an' not so much as bread an' wather to go to. Its better off I'd be in a jail, so it is."

"I tell yees, its worse off may be yees 'll be afoore ye die, Barney."

"Badhershin! \* an' I've hard a man must ate a peck a dirt afoore he dies; bud is that a rason he would ate it all at a male, Misthress Garatty? Bud I must go back, an' see afther settin' me Lady's breakfast things. Oh! be de powers, bud its an iligant set it is, any way. I'd like to see what any o' de sarvants in Finsbury Square 'ud say, if supposin' they'd see it, even in de kitchin."

\* May be so.

## CHAPTER VII.

*The two tall Daughters.*

BEFORE a week had passed over, Barney most bitterly repented him of the foolish step he had taken; but it was of no use to repine, and, indeed, he had no one to whom he could descant upon his sufferings, having so completely worried Mrs. Garatty with the subject, that, at length, she refused to listen to him, contenting herself with bidding him stay his month out, when she would endeavour to find him a better situation; explaining to him, that it was his only chance of receiving any part of the wages due to him. And grievously as her counsel afflicted him, he was reduced to the adoption of it by reasons that have influenced many a better man, and in many a better cause—the failure of other resource. Pride forbade his applying for Mr. Stapleton's forgiveness, and kept him profoundly silent on the generous offer of that gentleman, which he knew Mrs. Garatty would have insisted on his availing himself of. He still entertained hopes of something wonderful turning

up for him, and even contemplated the chances of assistance from his brother Patrick, when he should become an officer of Excise. His only comfort was, that each night, in lying down on his unaccommodating pallet, he reminded himself that another day of his month's penance had expired. His cheeks, however, visibly faded, and his body wasted, for it seldom happened that his numerous avocations permitted of his accepting the kind offices of Mrs. Garatty, and a difficult achievement it would have been to filch a morsel from "my Lady's" dinner, or to penetrate that sacred depository, the chiffonier.

Whether her ladyship perceived the inward decay and outward sulkiness of her serving man, and augured from those symptoms that "he was not long for the world of Curzon Street," is more than I am enabled to state, although I consider it to be a reasonable surmise; since two days before the arrival (as he thought) of his release, she accosted Barney, who was at the moment placing on the little round table aforesaid, the one single-lady tea-pot, with its uncomfortable et ceteras.

"Barney," said she, "it is time we came to an understanding respecting the wages you will have, *if you engage to stay with me.*"

Now Mrs. Garatty had provided for this contingency, and had instructed her young friend as to the very lowest sum he could possibly take, so as to cover incidental expences, to feed himself on the most economical plan, and to secure the occasional luxury of clean linen. But the very smallest calculation of the prudent Irish-woman was far, very far, beyond either the ideas or means of the Lady Theodosia Livincourt to comply with. She lifted up her withered hands, in astonishment, at the enormous demand of Barney, which was one moderately in advance of Mrs. Garatty's standard, and offered a sum so immeasurably below it, that the half-starved and quite tired youth boldly declared he could not accept it.

"Then you may leave my house as soon as you please," returned her Ladyship.

"If you plase, me Lady, me mont's up o' Wednesday; I don't wish to do any thing out o' coorse, an' it ud be more agreeable to recave me mont's wages, afther I'd airned 'em, then to go off now for de sake of a day or two."

"A month's *what* are you talking about?" said her Ladyship. "You forget, young man, that you came on trial; and, as I find you do not at all answer my expectations, I desire you



will go about your business, and that within an hour of the present time."

"Och! murther, murther! its now I'm ruined all out, root an' branch, handle an' blade!" muttered Barney, as he packed up his stock of wearing apparel, which certainly had gained no more than himself in improvement during his sojourn at the "west end." "How 'll ivir I shew de face o' me to Misthress Garatty, ayther? an' no manes to pay what I've borrid on her; bud face her I must, for its de oney frind I got in de world lift to me; de more fool me to be trowin' 'em from me, as if they'd be as plinty as sclate stones. What 'll I do at all at all now?"

To Lord Cork's house he repaired, but with a very different aspect from that assumed at his first visit, when he so boldly inquired if his Lordship were "widin." Having now attained the privilege of entrée, by means of that useful appendage, "the airy steps," he soon made his way to his only friend, as, indeed, he had somewhat accurately designated her.

"Now, Misthress Garatty, dear, what 'll yees be sayin' for yer born lady, that's brote me widin an inch o' my life, its what she has, be starvin', an' pinchin' me very inside out o' me, an' now turns me out upon de wide world, wid-

out so much as a charackther to me back, or a praty to put in me mout', or de manes o' gettin' that same. May de devil's blessin' light upon her, wherever she goes, an' all his imps fly off wid herself, for a scrimpin', starvation, blackavised harridan as she is, wid her wig an' her fine carriage, ayeh! An' wearin' my shoes out it is I been, an' niver the ha'porth o' satisfaction I got for that, nor nothin' but oney sour looks an' an empty stummick; an' I s'pose that's quality feedin', Misthress Garatty; bud there niver was a Mahoney, let alone a Callaghan, that found it asy to fatten on that same, I'm thinkin'."

"Death alive! Barney alanna! is it thruth ye're tellin' me? an' why didn't yees stop yeer mont' out?"

"I say that! Agra! mebbe I uddent be let; an' more nor that, its my belief its niver intended to stop I was, so I wasn't; for de cook tells me they've had fourteen footmen widin de twelve mont's, so its not to be tout' any on 'em kept their places long. An' de cook herself oney stays becuse she has n't exactly a charackther, an' gets ped *she* does; an' its no matther, my lady ses, about a charackther for a woman sarvent, becuse she lives belo'. Bud, Misthress Garatty,

now, what ud harum me, bud I'd take de law on her?"

"That's thrue, for ye, Barney. 'Tis yer mother's son 'll make her jig in her jacket, if there's law to be had in England, or justice ayther. How much was id yees was to have be quarther, avick?"

"Oh, thin, divil a know meself knows that same, be rason there niver was a word betune de two on us about it at all at all, till this mornin', I tell yees, an' then indeed my lady didn't justly say what she'd be expectin' to pay me, bud oney bid me take me fut in me hand an' lave de place. Bud in coorse, I'll have a right to me wages, Misthress Garatty, won't I?"

"Its a bad look out for ye, Barney, I'm thinkin', if ye've no betther houlth than me lady's conscience for it, an' she a duke's daughther, to say nothin' o' bein' a forriner. An' what's to be dun I dunnow; but yees 'll just get a half bed, or such a thing, some place, an' I'll see an' move de airth itself, so I will, to get yees somethin' or other, soonder than yees ud go back to the sod, for issent it more mout's than Murphys they have of an odd time; an' its yerself knoes that same, Barney, so yees does."

For a very trifling sum our hero obtained the half of a bed, to be shared with a young carpenter, in an apartment which, although at the boasted "west end," was even by many degrees inferior to that he had occupied in Curzon Street. A daily visit to Mrs. Garatty, in the hope of her having heard of some means of subsistence for him, and to receive such scraps of food as she could spare him, was his chief occupation: having voraciously devoured the insufficient morsels, he would spend the remainder of the day in wandering from shop to shop, repeating the wearisome and fruitless inquiry for "a situation."

Passing along Piccadilly one day, he stopped to refresh his ears, (the only organ to be fed gratis in London,) by listening to the conversation of a group of paviors from his native land, who were employed in the never-ending operation, of repaving that persecuted street. It was but seldom, since he had been in London, that the reminiscence of Blackpool had been forced upon him by the voice of his countrymen; and whether it was owing to the deplorable state of his circumstances, or to some unusual accession of sentiment, would be difficult to determine; but after standing a considerable time

with his back against a lamp-post, greedily drinking in the once familiar sounds, he at length burst forth with a vehement Ullagone! ending in a profuse shower of tears, and the exclamation,—  
“Och hone! och hone! fadher an' modher! why 'ud ye part de poor b'y, an' sind him to a forrin land, to be starved an' kilt wi' could an' hunger, so I am. Oh, ullagone! ullagone! what 'll I do at all at all?”

The labourers paused on their pick-axes, looking with commiseration on Barney; and a gentleman at the moment passing, was also attracted by the display of grief he beheld, and wished, if possible, to assuage.

“My poor boy,” said he, “you seem in great distress. What part of Ireland are you from?”

“Yeh! then, I'm from all parts of it at prisent—more's de pity!”

“Come with me,” said the gentleman, seeing the crowd were, as usual, evincing their readiness to collect, on this, or any, the most trivial occasion. He led the boy away into a less public street; and, as they proceeded, drew from the now open heart of poor Barney, a full account of his life and misfortunes, as he tenderly named them, since his arrival in London. At the same time expressing such (apparently) sincere contri-

tion for his ungrateful desertion of Mr. Stapleton's family, as completely won upon the pity of his auditor.

"What Stapleton is this, who was so kind to you? I know a family of that name, residing in Finsbury Square, could it be the same?"

"Ah, thin, it was yer honor, an' no other; an' its I'm the misfortunit crethur, so I am, iver since wunst I lift the kiver o' that house, so I am. Its chated out o' me rights I been, besides starved, an' wearing out me bewtiful cloes, an' de niver a know does Barney know where he 'll get another shute to his back, nor which way to turn him, so he does n't."

"You shall be taken care of in my house," said Mr. Temple, "at all events, until I hear Mr. Stapleton's account of you. If that should be satisfactory respecting honesty and your general principles, I will see what can be done for you."

"De blessed vargin an' all de saints be about yer honor, for an honorable gentleman that ye are; an' as like Mr. Stapleton himself, God bless him, in regard of kindness to a poor b'y, as one pig's like anodther. Oh! bud if iver such another piece o' luck would turn up, may be it issent Barney 'ud be de b'y to be stiddy an' grateful, so he 'ud."

By this time they had reached Mr. Temple's door in South Audley Street. The youth was established in the stable offices, until a letter, immediately addressed to Mr. Stapleton, should decide Mr. Temple how to dispose of him.

"The boy's grief seems so genuine," wrote the latter, "and his appearance so miserably emaciated, that I am willing to hope there is the germ of good conduct firmly implanted in him, and that protection and bread may not unworthily be bestowed upon him. I am willing to give him a trial, as under footman, if I hear from you that he is sober and honest."

Mr. Stapleton rejoiced in the opportunity of again serving this "prodigal son," and the affair was very soon arranged. Mr. Temple's family was large, and an additional man happened just at that moment to be a desideratum.

Although possessed of a liberal fortune, yet, as it consisted of landed property, and was not subject to the ebb and flow of an income derived from mercantile speculations, (which, except in some solitary instances of an unvaried course of success, afford painful proofs of the instability of trade,) Mr. Temple was called upon this year rather to exceed his usual rate of expenditure, on the plea of the positive necessity felt by Mrs.

Temple, to accomplish a match for one, at least, if not for two, of her daughters, before the period of their annual return to Lincolnshire.

She had taken the somewhat hazardous step of introducing a second Miss Temple, notwithstanding the first had gone through the customary process of the previous season without having "succeeded," to use the true Almack's expression.

She had, however, weighty reasons for her adoption of this plan. She had seven remaining daughters progressing in the fens of Lincolnshire, under the superintendance of a German governess; the said "seven sisters" treading most inconveniently close upon the footsteps of the two elder (though scarcely taller) Misses Temple. Besides, the only pretension to beauty possessed by any and all of the Misses Temple, was that of complexion; and what mother is not aware, that three seasons are a "receipt in full" for claims so humble?

It was truly provoking, nay, unfortunate, (Mrs. Temple hesitated not to declare,) that nine girls should be saddled upon one mother; and still more distressing that these nine "foolish virgins" should grow up as like each other as "peas in a pod," and nearly as similar in size. The Temple's were a tall race: at fourteen they had all arrived at the Temple standard, of five



feet eleven; and Mrs. Temple could not avoid the mortification of overhearing, as she entered a room, some one utter the standing joke of,—  
“Here comes Mrs. Temple, and her *too* tall daughters.”

There was her friend, Mrs. Barrington: who “could” pity her, although the mother of eight unportioned girls? Look at the difference! No two of the Barrington’s were alike. Julia Barrington was a splendid blonde. Maria, a merry little brunette. Anna was short, and of delicate figure. Charlotte large, tall, robust, and fresh coloured. In fact, Mrs. Barrington might safely adventure her whole stock in trade in the market at once; and, it was well known, she had done so in one or two instances most successfully, for “every body” remembered when first Colonel Strathspey began to dangle in their train, how “nobody” thought but it was Miss Barrington who had caught him; and Mrs. Barrington went so far as to launch out to him in praise of the “chosen one,” as she thought her, when the languid admirer, applying his glass to his eye, and levelling the same upon the indolent Caroline, who was prevailing on herself to walk through a quadrille, he uttered, with, for him, unusual spirit,—“If there’s one thing I admire, Mrs. Barrington, it is sentiment!”

“Ah! indeed, colonel!” returned the wily matron, as, following the direction of his glass she adroitly continued,—“ah! then, Caroline would be exactly to your taste. Really, that dear girl’s feelings are so acute, her sensibilities so powerful, I positively tremble for her future fate; so much,—indeed all,—Colonel Strathspey, depends on the judicious selection of a partner for life; I may candidly own to *you*, I am at a loss to fix upon an eligible match for Caroline. I assure you she faints at the bare recital of woe, and I am obliged to take an immense bag of change out with me in the carriage, to give the beggars, or her eyes would be absolutely spoiled by weeping, in three weeks’ time, in London. Philippa, as I was remarking to you, a little ago, Colonel Strathspey, Philippa is certainly a very fine, and a very amiable girl; but,” she added, in a lower tone, “she is not to be compared with Caroline in *my* opinion, Colonel. You see,” she pursued, confidentially bending towards her prey, “you have penetrated the weakness of the mother’s heart; but to tell you the truth, the world in general have not that delicacy of taste which enables them to perceive Caroline’s superiority, and I seldom expect her to be truly appreciated.”

“We have all been quite mistaken,” said Mrs. Barrington, addressing her daughters on the morning following this discovery of the lover’s real object of pursuit; “I am sure I thought, as we all did, it was Philippa the colonel meant to have; and, after all, it seems Caroline is to be the Honourable Mrs. Strathspey. It is no matter, my dears,” she continued, perceiving the distanced Philippa look a little crestfallen, “you may be sure, with my management, you will all be established satisfactorily, and it can be of no sort of consequence which of you go first, or to whom. Caroline, my love! Colonel Strathspey, if I am not mistaken, will call this morning. I should wish you to put on that sweet little Swiss cap you look so well in; and, remember, languor is the colonel’s passion. When he comes, Philippa, you had better give orders in the hall that no one is to be admitted; and perhaps,—I dare say, you have letters to write, or would like to walk, so you need not stay in.”

It is for want of a little manœuvring of this kind that many a good match is missed, causing women of no judgment or penetration again and again to perform their annual journies to town with the same load of merchandize,—the same undiminished pack.

What will you have of it?—In six weeks Caroline Barrington became Mrs. Strathspey; and, at her wedding breakfast, Philippa looked so bewitchingly lovely, that Sir Henry Manvers decided his long wavering mind on the subject of surrender, and the lucky Philippa left town Lady Manvers: so she had nothing to complain of. To be sure, Sir Henry was a profligate and a spendthrift; but, in consideration of these “peculiarities,” a liberal settlement was insisted on in her favour; thus she enjoyed the luxuries of a splendid house and equipage, during the few years it required to run through the remainder of his property, at the end of which time there remained to her a liberal jointure, and he provided himself with—a pistol.

Few mothers, however, have the luck, or the address, which you will, of Mrs. Barrington. This was a melancholy truth frequently admitted by Mrs. Temple, as she gazed on her long string of milky faced “Templars;” and it was immediately following upon the example of Mrs. Barrington, that she formed the resolution of coming to the contest with a daughter under each wing, not saying to herself, “Thus am I doubly armed,” but,—“Thus am I doubly burthened.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Water Party.*

“REALLY, Mr. Temple, you have no more consideration than an infant, I must say! What an opportunity now was here of an introduction to the Stapletons, if you had called, instead of writing, for this boy’s character. The very people of all others, you know, I wished to cultivate.”

“Nay, my dear, excuse me; I thought you objected to city acquaintances. I know, you used to say, you would not pay a visit to the eastward of Portland Place.”

“That was last year, Mr. Temple, when I had but one girl out. Is it not a very different case now? I ask you, with two upon my hands, and this Maria’s second season. Is it a time to be fastidious about east and west, with nine such daughters as ours, Mr. Temple? When you knew, too, the Stapletons have two sons, and are rolling in riches!”

“Which makes it the more probable, my

dear, that they will expect wealth with their son's wives."

"That by no means follows. Do we not move in a certain circle, to which the Stapletons never could, but by marriage, gain admission? and is not our rank in life an equivalent for their money?"

"Some merchants are apt to think otherwise, Mrs. Temple. Besides, these young Stapletons may not be marrying men."

"I declare you would provoke a saint! As if *all* were not 'marrying' men that can afford to be so. Or, if not, it rests with the judicious management of mothers to make them so. City youths, too, are often quite unacquainted with the game played at this end of the town, and are caught with almost no trouble."

"In that case, my dear, it is a pity you did not take advantage of this 'golden opportunity,' to have opened an intimacy with Mrs. Stapleton."

"I agree with you, Mr. Temple: indeed, like most other things you undertake, it was but half done, for you omitted all the questions of most importance; and, in fact, I do not consider it would be right or prudent to admit the lad into the house on the slight recommendation given by

his late master; and I quite feel that I *ought* to call upon Mrs. Stapleton, to satisfy myself on the subject. Common prudence demands it."

What a comfortable conclusion it is to arrive at,—that of finding ourselves imperatively called on to do the thing we wish.

"You may sneer, Mr. Temple; but, if you were the mother of nine unmarried daughters—"

"Since they are so annoying to you, my love, I could willingly have dispensed with the honour of being their father. These are matters, however, it is quite in vain to complain of. So do not despond: the girls will all do very well in time, no doubt."

"Time is not the thing exactly to assist their well-doing, Mr. Temple. Do you observe that the delicacy of Maria's skin is considerably diminished within the last six months? And have you happened to notice a pimple that has been on her chin these three days? I can safely assert, I have not enjoyed two hours sound sleep since I detected that pimple! Of all other things, I dread eruptions; and on skins so fair there is no palliative. Besides, you know, it is supposed to run in families, and if you produce one pimply girl, (and she the eldest,) you may as well throw up your cards. No good *can*

ensue. So that you see, if I could secure one of the Stapleton's for Maria, Jane might run another season: though, like misfortunes, marriages seldom come single, I notice. When once a beginning is made, it is truly astonishing sometimes how girls will get off; and I should not despair of her going this year, if her sister did so,—which would be a great thing, you will allow, my dear; for, you know, Ellen, and Catherine, and Elizabeth, are as tall as they ever will be." ("Taller, indeed, than any one can wish them to be,") sighed the anxious parent. "And it would be a grand point gained, for Maria and Jane to be off the books."

"The carriage is at the door, my dear," said Mr. Temple.

"Then you advise my going to Finsbury Square, at once, my love?"

"You know best, my dear," was her husband's reply; who, at all events, felt certain she would follow her own inclination on this point, whichever side his advice might lean to,—and who was most heartily weary of the subject, of his wife, and of his nine daughters.

The Stapletons had not adopted the fashionable subterfuge of "Not at home;" and, as they happened really to be within, Mrs.



Temple was admitted, without even the reference of some surly porter to his list, previous to answering the demand.

She apologized in neat, set phrase, for the liberty she was (though consciously) taking, explained the motive of her visit, and launched forth in a high strain respecting Mr. Temple's universal benevolence of disposition, which, she avowed, laid him open to numberless impositions, and was her only plea in extenuation for having requested to see Mrs. Stapleton; since she really did not feel herself justified, she protested, in admitting into her household the lad in question, without having satisfied herself on the minutest points respecting him.

Mrs. Stapleton gave a slight sketch of the manner in which Barney had been received into her service; which sketch her visitor pronounced "so" satisfactory; and "so" honourable to the relater, that she should ever lament she had not sooner the pleasure of making, as, (bowing,) she flattered herself she had now done, Mrs. Stapleton's acquaintance, concluding by "venturing to hope, she might send a card of invitation to a rout she was to give on the following Thursday."

Good, innocent Mrs. Stapleton, was "obliged,"

“flattered,” and so forth, most ingenuously; but suggested that the distance from South Audley Street almost precluded the possibility of availing herself thereof.

“But this young lady, my dear madam,—surely you will make some little sacrifice to indulge her in the gaities so agreeable at her age; and, pardon me, you would not, I trust, exclude from the circles of fashion, one so formed to prove their ornament. I have two daughters,” (Mrs. Temple never obtruded the seven Lincolnshire damsels, rising, as the farmers say, next grass,) “I have two daughters who will be too happy to make her acquaintance. We have engaged the first musical talent at present in England for the evening, so that I may hope it would not be time entirely thrown away. Do, my dear madam, allow me to hope, you will, on this occasion, waive your general rule, and indulge my request.”

“You are exceedingly kind, Madam, and I am sure Fanny will be delighted to come. Should the exertion be too much for me, (for indeed I am not fond of moving after dinner,) her father, or one of her brothers, will, I am sure, escort her.”

“You astonish me, Madam!” exclaimed Mrs.

Temple, elevating her hands and eye-brows with all the appearance of surprize. "Is it possible? You will pardon the freedom of the inquiry,— But can it be possible that you have sons grown up?"

Now this was a "ruse" that might have been spared with the single-purposed Mrs. Stapleton; she might have thought of many things, and she might have conjectured many reasons for a person's visit, but it never would have entered her plain spoken mind, that Mrs. Temple had come for the express purpose of "son-hunting." She therefore replied, with the utmost simplicity, "Oh dear, yes—why not? Fanny is the youngest, to be sure; but Fanny's nineteen, and William, my eldest son, is only twenty-one: so you see there was not much time lost between them."

"Miss Stapleton certainly *looks* much younger than the age you mention. But I confess it was the juvenility of *your own* appearance, which led to my surprize. However, since the case is so, I have only to add, that either, or both your sons, will be welcome in South Audley Street, and I shall not fail to send them cards for Thursday."

Mrs. Temple departed, highly satisfied with

the result of her manoeuvre; and the necessary formula having been duly gone through, Thursday evening arrived, and brought with it Fanny Stapleton, together with her two brothers, and an apology that a "severe head-ache precluded her mother the pleasure, &c."

"I am grieved beyond measure to hear of her indisposition." "What airs!" continued Mrs. Temple, aside to a confidant. "Just to show me, I suppose, that she is rich, and can afford to stay at home."

"She has but one daughter, you must recollect," returned the "friend" in an admonitory tone.

"For which reason, my dear Mrs. Job Thompson, I shall endeavour to supply her with one or two from my over-abundant stock."

Dinner parties, opera parties, and morning exhibitions, were soon brought into action. The Misses Temple found themselves so suddenly and powerfully attached to Fanny, that no amusement could be thought of, in which she was not included. They loudly deplored the state of Mrs. Stapleton's health, which so frequently caused the substitution of one, or both her sons, as an attendant; but, at the same time, reminded Fanny of the obvious fact, that, as they never went

out without "Mama," it was exactly the same thing "in point of propriety, and all that."

To their friends and rivals they descanted on the kindness they were showing Fanny Stapleton, in "taking her about," since her mother, they declared, was so indolent, gouty, and purse-proud, that she sacrificed poor Fanny to her own love of ease. It was therefore evident, to those who knew no better, that "poor" Miss Stapleton was dependant on their benevolent exertions for her chance of an "establishment."

Some there were, who would spitefully inquire, if those two handsome young men were related to the young lady in question.

"Oh, yes!" was the ready reply, "her brothers. Both engaged, I understand; so Mama lets them come here whenever they like."

This was an answer that answered two purposes. It sometimes blinded the world to the court both mother and daughters paid them; and often turned the tide of attack from any new speculator, who of course felt it in vain to attempt catching a man professedly "not to be had."

Fanny was happily unconscious of the motives of their civility, and of their designs upon her brothers. She went into society, to see, and be

amused. At the opera her attention was rivetted to the stage, her friends being willing she should run the risk of declared vulgarity, since her abstraction left them unobserved mistresses of the field; that is, the back of the box. With a shew of politeness she was invariably forced to the front of the same, next to Mrs. Temple, whose two tall supporters were placed immediately behind, so as to intercept and effectually baffle the attempts of any—even the most hardened man of ton, who, perchance, attracted by Fanny's beauty, made his way to the box; and who, after sundry unsatisfactory peeps at the real object of pursuit, through the gauze sleeves of the Temples, was fain, either to commence a flirtation with their wearers, or to rush in despair into the lobby, where his mortification met the certainty of increase in the affected commiseration of his equally disappointed brethren.

“Ah, ha! Stanley, what, have *you*, too, been attempting to penetrate beyond the veil of the Temple?”

“Verily, I wish it were rent in twain, and its pillars shortened of their *more* than fair proportions.”

“And thus give you a *capital* view of the Stapleton, eh? 'Tis no use, my boy; there's

nothing for it but a change of principles, if you expect to do any thing in that quarter."

"How so, Middleton? I flatter myself my principles are very sufficient, gentlemanly-going principles; and for *you* to object to them is good, at all events."

"My dear fellow, I did not mean your morals, or any old-fashioned twaddle of that kind, but your political creed—Radical reform! you dog; nothing less. In short you must become a Pittite! No other chance I assure you. Sorry for you; but you must follow the multitude."

"Pshaw! Besides, I've tried that, and find it utterly hopeless. The beautiful idiot never takes her eyes off the stage; in fact, it is her only fault, and gives her such an air of gaucherie that, positively, one does not like to commit one's self in the pit by seeing her. Then, in the crush-room, she is barricadoed between her two endless friends; and I ask any man if it is likely one should get to the speech of her under their voluminous wings. Perhaps you never heard the reason of the immense sleeves of the present day coming into vogue."

"Can't say any thing but their unreasonableness ever yet occurred to me."

"Then you have something to learn yet, so

rejoice accordingly; for, in this age of intellectual perfection, it is a blessing you need not expect much longer to enjoy. For my own part, I could hug that man to my heart who had the power of favouring me with a new idea; and to any one who could, by possibility, excite the long-exhausted, almost-forgotten, sensation of surprise! I should adjudge a handsome annuity for life to be the very least one's gratitude could offer him."

"But the sleeves! These gigots, *seduisantes*, or whatever they are called —"

"Spare me, my dear Stanley! Is it from the lips of one of fashion's professed votaries I hear the long-exploded and half-forgotten names that have been unmentionable these two years at least?"

"Well, but their purpose? whatever fantastic designation may be granted them for the season. Their purpose? for no one can imagine them of any use."

"I beg your pardon. Has it never, then, occurred to a man of your penetration, how completely some devilish fine girl may be screened, shrouded, nay, perfectly concealed, by the damnable drapery of her accompanying *friend*? Have you never witnessed the address with



which the perfect use of the sleeve is practised at Almacks? Did you ever happen to attempt a conversation with the prettiest girl in the room, that this abominable engine was not put in force by some envious next neighbour? Lastly, have you not, (otherwise you're a lucky dog,) in the vain hope of counter-march, even levied your forces upon some withering face of three seasons, by way of coming at the more attractive companion on her arm? You must, oh, you must, have seen, felt, and understood all this. If not, however, I only ask you to take up a favorable position to-night in the crush room, and there you will behold the accomplishment in perfection, played off by the Misses Temple upon the unconscious Stapleton. I am credibly informed, it was one of their daily school-room exercises:—and hence the phrase, 'To laugh in one's sleeve,' eh?"

If they attended exhibitions or concerts, still Fanny's eyes or ears paid the most plebeian attention to whatever (as she vulgarly imagined) was the motive of her visit.

A party to Richmond was proposed and formed; which, by some unaccountable contingencies of will, weather, water, and welfare, actually met with no obstruction in its execution.

And, notwithstanding its having been planned, boat hired, band engaged, and dinner ordered, at least a week beforehand, yet, by some almost incredible chance or other, it came to pass that the day appointed was unexceptionable. The tide favourable, wind ditto; even her majesty, the moon, congenial. And not a single "severe cold," or "violent head-ache," pleaded by any one of the intended party.

These are things that may occur occasionally, one does not know how, and can scarcely accept even ocular demonstration of; and the only explanation I can imagine of such an event is, that it comes to give the lie direct to a certain delightful dramatist of our times, who boldly asserted, no longer ago than last summer, upon an impromptu embarkation, that "Water parties should be managed with masonic mystery, inasmuch as rivers (that hight the Thames more especially) were to be taken only by surprize; never failing to turn their tides to the most unpropitious point; to summon the winds to their billowy aid; and call down a deluge of rain upon those injudicious wights who had published a previous intention of adventuring thereon."

But what availed it to Fanny's admirers, that wind, weather, and wealth, conspired to celebrate

the day. Again, and as usual, she was wedged in between the two projecting columns of "the Temple," and every shaft fell short of its aim, much to their delight, and perfectly to her satisfaction. The silvery Thames; its smiling, sunny, and beauteous banks; the clear blue sky above; and the calm, sweet air around; were all, as any of them would have been, sufficient to Fanny's enjoyment. The languishing airs, and laced-in waists of beaux, she could see any day, and seeing, not admire; but the verdant woods and tempting banks of this far-famed river, lighted up, as they now were, with one of July's most brilliant days; the myriads of fish she could perceive, sporting within reach of her hand; together with the summer flowers, fringing down to the very margin of the stream, were all sources of enjoyment to the unsophisticated Fanny, whose ideas of rural beauty had been formed by an occasional sojourn at Hornsey, or Highgate, during the autumnal months.

Let it not be supposed we are about to expatiate on the sylvan beauties of Richmond, the woodland charms of Petersham, or the classic claims of Twickenham. We confess that, being within the prescribed distance of ten miles from this tasteful and correct metropolis of ours,

they are all, and every of the said places, within the reach of cockneys, therefore cockneyfied. We would suggest that, were matters totally otherwise; that is, were these rural shades removed a hundred miles from London, or London from them, it might be permitted a person of rural persuasion, to admire, and launch forth in praise of the same; but, existing "where" they are, and "as" we are, nothing remains but to confess that a party to Richmond once, or at most twice, in the course of the summer, is admissible; that, during its progress, flirtations may, in many cases, advance very considerably: also, that Sion House, and Richmond Hill, may severally be noticed as they appear in sight. That the intermediate objects must be passed by, during animated discourses, progressive or perspective, of the Malibran, the Taglioni, or whoever may be the reigning favourite of the day at the Italian Opera. That the Star and Garter (the ultimate, and indeed primary object of the excursion) may be voted an excellent house. Its assembly-room, with the precise number of counties it overlooks, may be safely descanted on; and, on the following Saturday, or Thursday, if it should happen to be a tolerably full night, all the real lovers of music assembled in the pit, may be annoyed, and completely dis-

turbed from all hopes of enjoyment, by an unceasing jargon, treating of nightingales, trees, lanes, hills, boats, bands, moon, and every sort of romantic et cetera, recalled to the memory of, and professed to have been enjoyed by, the bevy of loungers surrounding some box in the lower circle, and filled with their *ci-devant* and insensible water nymphs.

If Fanny Stapleton's "affairs," as they are called, progressed not during this water party, her constant supporters were less idle. On either side, that is, "outer" side, of these flankers, were posted, first the young Stapletons; and beyond, as many agreeable and eligible men as could be collected, with a very moderate sprinkling of belles, of the second rate order, for Mrs. Temple never encouraged intimacy with what she called extinguishers, excepting in the solitary instance of Fanny Stapleton—and there, as has been shown, she had her reasons. Her play, for the day, had been self-assigned, in contriving that William and Charles Stapleton should hand Maria and Jane into the boat, a process that naturally placed them in close contiguity, and elected them their especial knights. The bye-play was to keep the adjacent, and less desirable men in chat, whenever she perceived symptoms of

admiration or flirtation in the wished-for quarter; as also to discover, that there was just a spare hour, between their arrival at the hotel and the time of dinner, for a saunter in the Park; and having marshalled the two pair of doves within the gates thereof, she suddenly felt the sun's rays overpowering, and drew off the remainder of her battalion to the shades of Petersham. On meeting at dinner, all parties appeared perfectly satisfied with this "division of the house."

The return home was by moonlight; a delicious band lending its aid to the improvement of every gentle sentiment. William and Maria, Charles and Jane, were evidently and intently occupied by some subject connected with the natural properties, or peculiar formation, of the bed of the river, to which their regards (those of the sisters especially) were so immoveably directed, that the kind hearted parent studiously avoided breaking in upon the current of their reflexions, and laboured with redoubled energy to keep the remainder of the company in constant chat.

On laying her wearied limbs to rest, the industrious matron had only strength left to say,—“Well, Mr. Temple! if things don't come to a crisis now, I give it up.”

## CHAPTER IX.

*The Elephant and Cock Lobster.*

AMONGST the extraneous dangles of the party to Richmond, was a Mr. Wallingford; who, although he had for some time paid a certain degree of attention to Miss Temple, yet had his determination never arrived at that tangible shape which alone would render him "acceptable" in the eyes of Mrs. Temple. In other respects, the dame declared, she felt free to confess, he might do very well for one of the nine. Nay, she even contemplated the disposal of three of her girls, by means of his growing passion; for, although Maria and Jane seemed to be appropriated to the two Stapletons, she had a floating project of sending express to Lincolnshire for a reinforcement, since "the article" seemed to increase in demand. She consulted with her husband on the feasibility of transferring the title expectant of Mrs. Charles Stapleton upon Ellen, who might be sent for, and tutored to her purpose.

“For, to tell you the truth,” said she, “although I should be loth to refuse any one of the three, yet I have somehow my suspicions that Wallingford is better worth catching than Charles Stapleton. I have lately been led to suppose, that the old merchant has picked up a notion somewhere, of making William an elder son.”

“Why he *is* the eldest, is he not?”

“Yes, yes, but I mean in point of fortune, which, you know, is really a species of pride one does not exactly expect from traders. I have an idea that William will be his principal heir; and Charles, perhaps, have little beyond his profession. We know how difficult it is to get on in the law without decided talent; and, poor fellow, he is not liberally furnished in that respect; besides, appearing to me, rather unsteady than otherwise.”

“In that case, my dear, it would hardly be a prudent marriage for either Jane or Ellen, would it?”

“Upon my word, Mr. Temple, one would imagine you lived in the city yourself. To be, at this time of day, sporting the antediluvian expression of ‘prudent marriage.’ A match is a match—don’t you see that, Mr. Temple? and can we expect to find *nine* good ones?”



“But, my dear, it does not appear on evidence, that any, or all of these three men, have proposed yet.”

“Not positively, my love, certainly; but, if I am not greatly mistaken, there is nothing wanting but opportunity for their so doing.”

“Egad! Mrs. Temple, I do not think you have stinted them in that particular, I must say.”

“Do you expect the young men of the present age to be knights errant? To pursue their mistresses with ardour and chivalry, and all that sort of thing? If you had the weary task of matronising through only one season, you would not be so ignorant on the subject, Mr. Temple. I have done, it is true, all that mortal mother could do, to assist the girls, yet have I not done more than is absolutely necessary, and universally practised. Moreover, Mr. Temple, if you are not a little more liberal with your champagne in the dinners of the next fortnight, I am by no means secure of success. Recollect, we are in the beginning of August; and, if matters are not arranged within this month, it involves the necessity of going to some watering-place, or retiring to Lincolnshire, and giving up all chance of every thing.”

“You went to Brighton last autumn, if you

recollect, in the full persuasion that Danvers was sufficiently hooked to have followed Maria; yet neither he appeared, nor did any other."

"Brighton, Mr. Temple, is not precisely the field for our girls. I have ascertained that! Their ancles are not calculated for walking the Cliff, or the Steyne, and one must do that, or nothing. There is too much variety, too, at Brighton,—too much gaiety. It is but a continuation, on a smaller scale, of London. I should advocate Hastings in preference. It has, I believe, romantic walks, and in *sheltered* situations—But we will think farther of this, should necessity dictate it."

Mrs. Temple had addressed several questions with all possible delicacy to Charles Stapleton respecting his prospects and profession. She failed in obtaining perfect satisfaction on either subject, and the urgency of the case now determined her on bolder measures. She therefore, on her next opportunity of examination, observed,—“By the bye, you are reading for the bar, I think, Stapleton. I forget whether or no you have been called to it yet.”

“In regard to the bar, Mrs. Temple, you know, many are called—”

“Nay! nay. Now you are going to be pro-

phane, which is in very bad taste,—comp. etely exploded in civilized society.”

“Pardon me, my dear Madam; I was merely going to remark, that many are called, but hitherto I have not formed one of the number.”

“Ah! I see. Well, but is not your dear father a little anxious on this point? For instance, now—If you were to marry, what would be your expectations?”

“If I got the woman I liked, I should expect to be very happy and comfortable,” returned the youth, in apparent simplicity.

“You are so droll! Stapleton; but you know you are a favourite of mine. Do not, however, think me impertinently inquisitive. It is no business of mine, to be sure; but young people are so careless about their future prospects, What I meant was, in case of your profession not proving satisfactory; and the most brilliant talents, we know, are not always appreciated as they deserve. I really am anxious for your welfare, my dear young friend: in such a case, now, how could you commence housekeeping?”

“Oh, the governor must ‘fork out,’ I fancy; that is, my father, you know, must ‘come down.’ There’s nothing else for it that I know of.”

“You surely would satisfy yourself on so

important a consideration, before you actually made your proposals?"

"Oh, yes; of course."

This was indefinite, but it did not deter Mrs. Temple from her scheme of sending for Ellen, immediately, "that Cartwright might examine her teeth;" and as it not unfrequently happens, that not only the actions, but their motives, are, by every servant of the house, as well known as they are to the master and mistress of it, it came to pass that Barney became acquainted with the plan of cheating, as he considered it, the son of his first benefactor. Now whatever roguery might exist in the youth's own composition, it rendered him not more lenient on perceiving the like vice in others. He also had, during the last few months, met with many worse, and few better men, than his worthy first master; and, after long consideration as to what he could or ought to do, in the way of opening the eyes of Mr. Charles to the designs upon him, he resolved, as in all cases of difficulty, to seek counsel from his unfailing friend, "Mistress Garatty," whose experience and judgment he had the highest opinion of.

Accordingly, and as usual, without any circumlocution, he burst forth, with—

“Hurrush! Misthress Garatty, an’ issent it de devil’s own dalins is goin’ on in Sout’ Audley Street, an’ all again’ my dear young mather, de heavens be his bed, Mither Charles Stapleton, so it is; an’ its what Barney’s nat de b’y to stand idle by, an’ not put himself for’ard to forewarn him of their divilries.”

“What’s goin’ on, then, Barney, aye?”

“Why, yees remimber, Misthress Garatty, o’ my tellin’ you of Miss Fanny (God bless her, wheriver she goes, any way) and de two brothers, of her bein’ for iver an’ always back’ard an’ for’ard wid our people, an’ nothin’ cud pass, nor nobody cud go down bud de three o’ them. Well, we sarvints knoed well enuff what de spoort was, bud in coorse we’d no manes to make nor mar. An’ so Mither Charles, as they think, falls all over, body an’ bones in luv with our Miss Jane. Well, that was all very well, an’ we all tout’ it a dead match, so we did; bud up comes, widin a week or two, a fresh spark, an’ be de blissed St. Bridget, an’ her white tooth, if Mather Charles issent to be hoisted out of his girl, ’cause this Mr. Wallin’ford bid for her, they say, an’ another o’ the breed’s to be sent up out o’ the counthree, an’ right or wrong *she’s* to be poked down Mither Charles’s

trote. Oh! bud that Mother Temple's a bad on'."

"Barney, Barney, yees shouldn't spake so disdainful o' your betthers; its a good place yees a got, an' who knoes bud its oney fancyin' yees are about the girl?"

"I tell yees its no sich thing; an' de porter had ordthers not to let him in of a day 'till Miss Ellen (that's de new one) comes; an' I hard mistress meself tell Mистер Wallin'ford she'd take him to de Mart to-night, an' Mистер Charles all'a's took afore! See that!"

"Mart! Barney? wheere's that at all now? an' what's she goin' to buy be candle-light, any how?"

"Its what we—what all we sarvints call de Mart, bud de quality calls it Almacks,—its de grand ball, shoore.—An' we niver ses nothin' bud Mother Temple, ayther, belo' stairs. See that, why! An' in regard of a good place, you was sayin', awhile agone, 'tissent de likes o' she 'd make a good place, or have good sarvints ayther, for aint we all undther de noncumspection of Misthress Grindall, de houskeeper, an' niver sees color o' kindness, nor signs of her face, of our rale mistress, so we doesn't; an' instead o' de best of ivery thing, an' lashin's of it, as there is

in Finsbury Square, arrent we scrimped an' stinted, an' fat flaps o' mutton, an' offil of all sorts, an' dhry bread, yees might kick from Banthry to de Bay o' Biscay widout brakin' it, an' such like, we're fed wid; an' no use in grumblin', for then its—Valk yere vamps—at a word, an' she all de time chargin' masther (poor man, 'tis he's de asy man, any way) de best prices, an' pocketin' de differ. Oh, Misthress Garatty dear, its little they dhrames in sweet Blackpool o' de divil's Mag's played up here in London. There's de butcher, an' de powltherer, an' de fishmonger, an' all de lave o' de thradesmen, obleedged to give her twenty or thirty pounds a piece at Christmas, or else de custom 'ud be taken away, for she has it all her own way, an' not one of 'em dares to say black is de white of her eye; for whin, last year, I hard say de lady's maid had a jealousy agin her, an' shewed her up to masther, an' how he was chated an' that, ses masther, 'I tell ye what it is,' ses he, 'ye are all necessary deevils,' or evils, I'm not rightly sure which was de word he used, 'an' I must ayther be chated be one,' he ses, 'or be de whole pack, an' I prefar bein' chated in de lump,' ses he. So all she got was losin' her place, so she did. Bud now, Misthress

Garatty, what 'll I do at all at all in regard o' puttin' Misther Charles up to their rigs?"

"Deed, I'd just giv' him the smallest hint in life, at a fair opportunity, in a quite way, mindin' not to risk yer own place at the same time, so I 'ud."

"I b'lieve yere right, Misthress Garatty, an' me thanks to yees de longest day ye has to live, for its good advice I may all'a's bild on from yees; an' I'm glad I cum to yees, for me blud b'iled, so it did, whin I hard misthress say some-thin' about settlin' Ellen upon 'that gowk, Charles Stapleton.' Oh, she did, thin. May my black blessin' light upon her for that same word, now an' alw'ys. Amen!"

The object of Barney's solicitude had for some time began to see through the manoeuvres of Mrs. Temple. He had awakened his brother's perceptions on the same subject; and both had agreed, as both were yet actually heart-whole, to fight shy, as they expressed it, of the trap, but to revenge themselves, to the utmost of their ability, on the projectors of their intended captivity. While, therefore, they suffered no diminution in their visits, or outward attentions, to give suspicion of their precaution, they guardedly avoided every quicksand wherein



danger might be supposed to lurk. They continued unremitting in their morning visits, unwearied in their evening attendance; but not the strictest observation, or the minutest cross-examination of the girls, elicited a single word or tone of more peculiar import than mere politeness sanctioned.

“ ’Twas abominably vexatious!” Wallingford, too, seemed to imitate their “backwardness in coming forward:” and the provoked, and almost exhausted mother, had no resource but in redoubled smiles, repeated dinners, and divers, though utterly disregarded, hints of their approaching departure from London!

Almost in despair, and as a last resource, she once more bent her designing way towards Finsbury Square.

“My dear Mrs. Stapleton,” said she, “I am come to make a very bold, and a very urgent request. It is that you will allow your charming daughter, and that herself will agree, to accompany us to Hastings. We have taken a charming house on the Parade for three months. I am sure the sea air would do her all the good in the world; and positively, my girls are so dotingly attached to her, that I shall have no peace of my life if I am forced to return to them

without your joint promise. Actually, they seem to live only in her presence; and, dear girls! I cannot bear to see them out of spirits. We will engage to do our utmost towards her amusement and comfort, and perhaps her brothers may sometimes run down to see her for a day or two: the distance is nothing: so that she will not feel quite torn from her deservedly beloved home."

"I must consult Mr. Stapleton and Fanny," replied the good lady. "They are both at present out; but whatever their decision may be, I feel assured they will estimate the kindness of your invitation."

Mr. Stapleton had no powerful reasons against, and Fanny urged a very sufficient one, as she thought, for the measure, in the fact of her never yet having been more than ten miles from the metropolis; and having, therefore, never yet beheld the sea.

Her simple wish would have sufficed to her indulgent parents; who parted from their treasure, with regret certainly, but leaving it unexpressed, merely directing her to expect one or both her brothers, "when business would permit;" and, in the meantime, if she found the sea air, or any other matter unpleasant to her,

to write, and they would instantly discover some necessity for her immediate return home.

The very journey was, to Fanny, a cause of enjoyment. The roads were good: two days previous rain had effectually laid the dust; the waving corn, and the glittering flowers, were raising their refreshed stems to the influence of the cheering sun. The verdant meadows, and the richly stored hedge-rows, were all sources of astonishment and delight to this town-bred child of nature.

Her exclamations were loud at the profusion of honey-suckle, wild, positively growing wild in the hedges! The luxurious mandrake; and the no less graceful, though deadly, nightshade, together with the ever-elegant, white-flowering bind-weed, in endless wreaths, throwing their garlands of united beauty on the pure air, had all charms for the fresh and cheerful eye of their admirer; who, happy in herself, and disposed to enjoy whatever beauties of nature or art might come within her observation, fairly wearied out herself, and her less amiable companions, by her rapturous expressions of delight and wonder.

When, at length, they arrived in sight of the sea in its wondrous expanse, lighted up by the setting sun, like one vast sheet of molten gold,

Fanny was—as all must be, who, for the first time, behold this wonder of wonders, this inconceivable object of splendour and majesty—dumb, and even deaf also; for the carriage had stopped, the ladies had entered the house, the maids had vacated the rumble, and the imperials were unstrapped, before the entranced Fanny could be made to understand, she had arrived at her point of destination. Slowly she entered the house, and following her companions up stairs, placed herself at a window overlooking the magnificent sea; and, for the space of half an hour, she remained thus seated and gazing, with no other symptom of life or feeling about her, than might be perceived in the pearly drops that gently fell from her eyes.

“You are disappointed in the situation of the house, I fear,” observed the vulgar-souled Mrs. Temple. “Breeds Place is thought more select than the Parade; and St. Leonards, I believe, is now still more fashionable, but I think this spot more sheltered, and one sees what is passing both ways; for my own part, I consider St. Leonards quite at the world’s end; at least, so it seems by the map given in the guide book.”

“Indeed,” replied Fanny, rousing herself from

her delicious abstraction. "I assure you, I am only too much charmed with every thing I see. I never heard of the streets you mention; but, if they have not this prospect, (and she pointed to the water,) I would not, for the world, make the exchange."

Mrs. Temple, of course, did not explain to her visitor all the reasons of her election. She had happened, in the first place, to lay hands on an antiquated Hastings Guide, wherein the "Parade" figured conspicuously, and evidently overlooked "the two" libraries at the time of its publication, the points of attraction and congregation of the comparatively small number of the visitors. It was a grand step, in her estimation, to possess a bird's-eye view of the libraries. It secured many a fortunate moment of dropping therein, according to observations taken judiciously. On inquiring the rents of different houses, she found, though unable to guess why, those on the Parade infinitely lower than many others the agent named to her, under names, which, not appearing in her book, she concluded to be some unfashionable suburb; and the misled lady had been nearly four-and-twenty hours in Hastings before she discovered her error. An immediate removal was indispensable; and, as they still commanded

a view of the sea, it was a matter of perfect indifference to her guest.

They had not been many days settled in their new abode, before they had noticed, and mentioned, in the course of conversation, a somewhat remarkable pair, seemingly father and son, who never failed meeting them in their daily walks; and, by a certain air of half consciousness, and more than half inclination, to claim acquaintance, induced the general question, "Who can those two men be?" "They know us, I am sure; and the old man, in particular, looks so earnestly at Fanny, that he certainly some day will speak to her." And so he did: to her astonishment, and apparently to his own self-gratulation, in having achieved a task long felt to be difficult.

The horrified Mrs. Temple could scarcely command her temper at the temerity of an accolade so contrary to all rule; and, judging from the appearance of the gentlemen, so little to be desired. It is true, she had hitherto met with no friends, and had made no acquaintances, her object being to admit only such as were decidedly eligible. Now the air, the manner, the very garb of this old man, betokened any thing but refinement. There was a careless air in the

very cut of his snuff-brown suit, that said,—I do not aim or wish to be mistaken for a gentleman; I am, or at least was, a trader, and I don't care who knows it. I have brought up my son here with the first nobles in the land; and perhaps I can count guineas with them too, and not be ashamed to say how I came by them.

The son had the look of a man of education, perhaps, but not of high birth; the fear of his father's affected carelessness hung over him like a cloud: out of his society he passed as an agreeable sort of person enough; but in it, there was a perpetual dread of some ill-bred sally, or coarse expression, from his father, coming to reflect ridicule on him. Yet did he bear all this, and with the patience of a martyr, for he was the only, and he knew himself to be the adored, son of his father, and *he* was a widower.

To blow off the London smoke, to see a little of life; and, some day or other, to pick up a wife for Tom; were the avowed objects of the old man's annual visit to the coast. He was inwardly proud of the youth; had given him an university education; and, farther, had the satisfaction of seeing him, "a well-grown, well-formed, and not ill-looking fellow." But, although he would miss no opportunity in com-

pany, of sily bringing forward Tom's shining points, yet, if the youth ventured to differ with him, or to evince superior knowledge to his own, on any subject, the testy old man would reprimand him with an air of severity, a stranger to them would have set down as nothing short of hatred to his unfortunate son.

In addition to this irritability of disposition, he possessed a tiresomely slow utterance of words, and invariably (no uncommon case by the way) began each sentence at least three times; and, when decidedly *irate*, stammered in a trifling degree. Such, to the best of our powers of description, was old Mr. Barton, formerly dry-salter in the city of London, well known upon 'Change, and some time Alderman of Portsoken; a circumstance which may account for his tenacious patronage of that forsaken beverage, port wine, and of which he felt it a matter of especial duty to swallow three bottles of daily.

Planting himself firmly before Miss Stapleton; (his inquiries at the library having directed him in the approach,) he commenced as follows: (Mrs. Temple starting sideways, to the utmost verge of the path, resolved at least not to be drawn into the conversation, until she should have ascertained who the "ill-bred old fellow could be.")



His son on one arm, and a cotton umbrella tucked under the other, he began—

“ I—I believe—I believe, Ma’am, your name is Stapleton?”

“ It is,” replied Fanny, looking surprized.

“ You—you live—you live in Finsbury Square. I know your father very well; leastways, I did know him, when I was in business in Larrance Pountney Lane. His ware’us jined ownr—we was back to back; and an upright, down-straight, honest Englishman he is, as ever broke bread; and that being the case, I shall—I shall be—I shall be glad to make your acquaintance, Miss; and this—this is—this is my son. Tom! don’t be pinching my arm, you villain; I know what you mean, well enough; I know better, I will speak to her, so be quiet: and he’s had—he’s had a college edication,” he continued, turning again to the perplexed Fanny, who, somewhat bewildered between her recollection of the known principles of Mrs. Temple, and her own good nature, which could not refuse to listen, especially to one who knew and praised her father, stood with a countenance as indefinite as that of Garrick, when assailed by Tragedy and Comedy. “ My son—my son here, Miss Stapleton, will be proud to make acquaintance

with you, and escort you about; or go on the water, and that; or to the Lover's Seat, or whatever you like, Miss, whenever you, or these ladies, are in want of a beau."

"You are very good, Sir," Fanny was beginning; when Mrs. Temple, unable to bear more, exclaimed, "My dear Miss Stapleton, we must hasten home; there is a heavy shower coming on, I am sure."

"Bless your heart—no such—no such thing, Ma'am," cried the impenetrable Mr. Barton: but Mrs. Temple persisted in flight, and arrived at home breathless, where throwing herself into a chair, she almost screamed, "Can it be? Have I actually had such words addressed to me by a smoke dried citizen! Bless my heart! indeed; and from the lips of a dry-salter of Larrance something Lane. Oh, when shall I ever feel purified from such impertinent freedom?"

Fanny, having proceeded to her room, was spared witnessing this scene; and therefore the less surprized, on the following day, notwithstanding Mrs. Temple's unequivocal horror at the unceremonious approaches of the dry-salter, when she made it her first business to "step to the library," by way of discovering if Mr. Barton was a person it was indispensable to cut, or

a mere eccentric. Here she learned that he was a man of immense fortune, and economical habits; careless of appearances; and with only this son Tom to inherit his thousands.

The die was cast. Tom was very produceable in the absence of his father. Vulgarity often passed under the name of oddity, and it would be easy to avoid the father in London. Tom was exceedingly well worth looking after, and Tom she resolved to angle for. She could easily have a fourth daughter brought forward, if the three expected London lovers fulfilled her anticipations.

Fanny did, to be sure, open her eyes a little wider than usual on beholding Mrs. Temple's smiling recognition of the Bartons; but she placed the affair to the account of kindness towards herself, and sought for no deeper motive.

"We are not long arrived here, Mr. Barton," said the lady, graciously, "and have not yet discovered the amusements of the place, perhaps you can enlighten us on the subject. How do you pass your mornings?"

"Oh—Oh, I—Oh, I have my breakfast—I have my breakfast. No, sometimes I bathe—sometimes I bathe first; and then—then I read—then I read the papers—and then I shave."

“The barbarian!”

“What say, Ma’am?”

“Nothing. Pray, Sir, proceed.”

“Then, Ma’am, I—Then, Ma’am, I and Tom—Tom and I—we go into the market, and see if—see if there’s—see if there’s any think we fancy for dinner; then we take a stroll; that’s the way we sometimes meets you, Ma’am, and these young ladies, and that fills up till dinner time. Tom! what’s o’clock?” he inquired, “for my appetite says near three.”

“You take rather a late luncheon,” pursued Mrs. Temple, who determined to ascertain his movements, that she might be qualified to avoid him on occasion.

“I—I never—I never take luncheon at all,” continued the dry-salter, “I dine—I dine—I dine at three. Its the proper hour. How can—how can a man—how can a man dine later, and have time to take his three bottles quietly. Three o’clock—three o’clock is the best hour for dinner. Its the only—its the only sensible—its the only sensible hour; and whoever dines later is a—whatever dines later is a fool, and a booby, and a jackanapes. Now here is my son Tom, here, pretends to say—to say, it cuts up his day; and I know not—I know not what fantastical

folly, as if his—his old father, didn't know better than him; but he—he thinks—he thinks himself, forsooth, so clever, because he'd a college education, and knows a—knows—knows an elephant from a co-co-co, cock lobster."

A cock lobster was the favourite simile of old Barton. Whenever his son displayed his learning, the elephant and cock lobster rose up in judgment on his father's tongue. If he passed an opinion, he was told he knew no more of the matter than a cock lobster. If he looked disturbed, or annoyed, he was compared to the obnoxious fish aforesaid; and, if the word came forth stammeringly, with a co-co-co, then was Tom Barton certain his honoured father was in a rage. On this occasion he had sinned, in not instantaneously replying to the old man's question respecting the hour, and he hastened "to the rescue," in hopes of preventing farther exposure of his father's temper.

## CHAPTER X.

*Battel Abbey.*

IN describing his morning's avocations, Mr. Barton had left out the trifling circumstance, that, although he invariably visited the market, and insisted on dragging his son on the same expedition, yet, although inquiring the price of every article he passed, he had never once, during their six weeks' residence at Hastings, purchased a single thing. After touching, pricing, and cheapening, fish, fowl, and the et ceteras, exposed for sale, declaring all to be too dear, and none to be good enough, the examination ended by his customary sigh, and an observation, that there was nothing in the market fit to put upon a table, and that, after all, "Mutton chops were as good as any thing else, and their landlady could get them."

"Here's a beautiful turbot, Sir. I never sold a greater beauty. Look at the thickness of him, Sir: only look, Sir."

"Yes, and—and a—and a beautiful price, I

suppose, you ask. What have—what have you—what have you now the conscience to ask?"

"Twelve shillings, Sir."

"Twelve fid-fid-fiddle sticks! I could buy as—buy as good in Leadenhall market for ten."

"But the freshness, Sir, consider!"

"Fresh! Wheugh! that's the—that's just the fault of it. There never—there never was a fish yet fit to eat fresh, unless, perhaps, a 'Tems' flounder. You—you—you know nothing about fish down here."

"Fine soles, Sir! very cheap to-day."

"Pooh, pooh; too large—too large to fry, and too small to boil. And what—what's a sole good for after all? You've nothing here but flat fish, wouldn't give—wouldn't give a pin, for all the flat fish that ever were caught. What's that turkey? Like a turkey to-day, Tom?"

"If you like, Sir."

"The woman's mad: you'll get a finer, in Leadenhall, I tell you—I tell you, for half the—half the money."

"Yes, Sir, I dare say; but poultry's scarce here. Like a chicken, Sir, or duck; here's nice ducks."

"Foul feeders—foul feeders; hate ducks. Let's see the chickens. There, take them away

—take them away, woman; call them ske-ke-keletons.”

“Law, Sir, you are so hard to please; I’m sure, if you know any thing of marketing, you must say, my poultry’s not to be bettered any where.”

“Woman, loo-loo-look at me!” cried the furious dry-salter, at this attack upon his judgment; and opening his coat, he gave to her view the entire surface of his ample waistcoat. “Do you know, woman, that I—I—I am an alderman; and do—do—do you think, you ignorant half-marine production, you, that this—this—this,” complacently patting his rotundity, “was brought to what it is, under eight and fifty years good feeding, of the best Leadenhall could produce? Come, Tom, we’ll go home, there’s nothing eatable to be had out of London; we’ll e’en to our mutton chops, and be thankful we can have a hamper of wine by the coach.”

There are few young men who could undergo the daily duties of Tom Barton; but there *is* one who can, and has done so for years.

“Now, Tom,” said Mr. Barton, “listen to me, my lad; that’s a—a very—very nice girl, that Miss Stapleton, and her father—father’s a warm man; and you have my leave to strike



up to her, for she'll have a handsome—handsome fortune, my boy! and is not too full of airs—and airs—and airs, and affectation, like most of your heirresses. So follow her up, my boy, that's all."

Tom Barton had formed a little idea of the same nature himself, and was not backward in acting upon his father's advice; for although Fanny's wealth was not entirely overlooked by him, yet he perceived other qualifications in her which rendered it but a secondary consideration. He knew that, at his father's death, he must become possessed of abundance of that necessary article; and as he had seen it so indifferently enjoyed by his father, and others who had it at command, he was less anxious for the period to arrive than might have been expected, considering the restricted nature of his present allowance.

A consultation between the father and son, as to the most feasible method of improving their infant intimacy with the Temple's, ended in the very palpable idea of proposing some excursion to the "Lions," in the vicinity of Hastings. The Lover's Seat; the Fish Ponds; Old Roar; and Hollington, were severally proposed, and rejected by Mrs. Temple, who inwardly voted them too near, and therefore liable to observation from

other visitors; since she would have been shocked to find herself recognized in company with "the horrid old citizen."

Battel Abbey was next named, and Mrs. Temple pronounced it to be "an amendment." She reflected, that its distance from Hastings would lessen the chances of being recognized by any of her fine friends, and then closed with the proposal, by saying, it had long been her anxious wish to behold that relic of the olden time.

"Olden—Olden," interrupted Mr. Barton, "Why, Tom, ain't that the man that makes that stuff you say is so capital for shaving. You kik ki ki; what's the name of it? Its too long, and too l-l-learned, for me to remember."

"Eukeirogenion, I fancy you mean, Sir," returned his son.

"Eukeirogenion,  
When e'er I lay eye on,  
I firmly rely on,  
A capital shave;  
And as for the water,  
'Tis not a pin matter  
From whence derivater,  
The well or the wave."

"Aye—You kerogue an' Ion, that's the

name. And ain't he a pretty conceited chap, my s-s-son, here, Ma'am?" he continued, turning to Mrs. Temple, "that can't be content with g-g-good English soap, as his father was be-f-f-fore him, but must needs send all the way to C-C-Cork, for bottles of this kicky-rogy lion."

"No, not quite so far as Cork, father; I can get it at Barclay's, in Farringdon Street, or at any perfumers. You acknowledge yourself, Sir, you never performed so luxurious a toilet in your life, as you did on the solitary occasion when I prevailed on you to try it?"

"May be so, Sir—may be so; and what then—what th-the-then? Is it fit that I, a citizen of London, or any but a co-co-coxcomb, should use Irish s-s-soap, with a gibberish Greek name, let the comfort of it be what it may? Shaving, Sir, sh-shaving, was invented for the p-p-punishment of sinners, and the more you—more you suffer in the operation, the greater—the greater the merit."

"This cannot be a very interesting subject to the ladies, father. Let us proceed to make arrangements for our excursion to Battel."

The ladies, it was settled, should occupy the carriage; and old Barton decreed that Tom

should hire a gig, in which to drive him as their escort. Mr. Temple was still in London.

The Misses Temple were professedly accomplished young ladies. They danced pretty well; played and sung when they could not help it; and, in the country, carried sketch-books wherever they went. The climate of England is vastly favourable to sketching ladies. They may sally forth in the utmost confidence that the weather will prove too something or other to permit their using the pencil. Then, at a watering place, are always to be found prints of the neighbouring scenery, which, snugly copied, pass very well as their original sketches, "taken when no one was present."

The five ladies occupied the open barouche, and it was suggested that the gentlemen should precede them, as they approached the town, in order to put up their horse, and rejoin them at the Abbey. From the inn, therefore, the father and son proceeded to the Abbey gates, where they were received with the customary demand for tickets.

"Tickets for what?" asked young Barton.

"Of admission, Sir. They are indispensable. If you are not provided, you have merely to go to the inn, and write down your names,

when they will be given without farther difficulty."

"Now this—now this—this is—this is what I call a precious piece of foolery. So, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. What's-your-name—"

"I am the porter, Sir."

"You may be—you may be ca-ca-called porter; but, egad, Sir, you look more like small b-b-b-beer, and pretty considerably sour too. Now, Mister Swipes, do you per-perceive the folly of this piece of humbug. Here, I may jaunt back to the—to the inn; and, if I choose, write myself down Mr.—Mr. Aminadab Rattletrap, and you'll let me in; whereas, if I—if I t-t-tell you my own name—Pshaw, Sir, you're a—you're a fool, Sir."

"The customary regulations, Sir," returned the man, perfectly unmoved by the anger usually expressed, though not always in such plain terms, on the occasion; "Sir Godfrey's orders, Sir: I've nothing to do but execute them."

Back to the inn they trudged, where the dry-salter's rage again burst on the head of its landlord. "My name, Sir—my name is—Old Tom Barton, dry-salter, of Larrance Pountney Lane; may have heard it in the city, heh! And th-th-this is my son Tom here; and, to

save trouble, there's f-f-five ladies a coming, in a barush, Mrs. Temple, and three Miss Temple's, and Miss Stapleton; so put them down too: and now you—you—you have it all: no, not all; hearkee, Mr. Innkeeper, I see the drift of this here—this here, and I'll tell you how I'll serve you; we should all—all, the s-s-seven of us, a comed here to a snack; but, Sir, I'll be d-d ——"

Here his son interposed, to spare him the expression on the tip of his tongue, reminding him the ladies would be waiting for them. They proceeded to join them at the Abbey, which, having once more regained, they handed them from the carriage, and, armed with their tickets, were silently ushered through the gateway, by the aforesaid sour-visaged porter.

Here two other men approached, to guide them, and to receive, no doubt, their fees; one of whom, pointing to the books of the ladies, "begged pardon, but no one was allowed to sketch the abbey or grounds."

"Not allowed to sketch!" exclaimed young Barton, who thought himself bound in gallantry to support what he innocently believed to be the real wish of his charge; "What can be the reason of so arbitrary an order?"

“ Sir Godfrey says the Habby’s been drawed times anew, and there’s no occasion not for no more views to be taken on it.”

“ Gad ! that’s—that’s—that’s true enough, I believe : you ca-ca-can’t blame him for that : I would d-d-do the same myself, if I were in his place. Pray, Mr. P-P-Porter, or ale, or v-v-vinegar, whichever you call yourself, what’s the lowest charge for seeing the house ? for as these—these—for as these ladies and me, and my son here, has took all the trouble to come and put down our names—our names, and all that, we sha’n’t mind a t-t-trifle now we are here.”

“ Its quite hoptional, Sir : gentlefolks gives what they likes. Sir Godfrey —”

“ Damn Sir Godfrey, Sirrah ; if you throw him in my—in my—in my teeth again, I’ll break your ill-looking head.”

“ Father, remember the ladies are present,” interposed the young man ; “ do not put yourself out of the way about such a trifle. Come, take charge of Mrs. Temple, I will settle all these matters.”

Grumbling and chafing, at what he called “ the abominable imposition of the whole concern,” Mr. Barton explained to Mrs. Temple the cause of his displeasure ; and farther proceeded to

state, that, although contrary to his rule to eat luncheon, he had determined on ordering some refreshment at the inn; but, since it appeared means had been adopted to force them *to use* the house, he proposed, that they should even punish themselves by fasting, rather than be imposed upon in so bare-faced a manner; and that they should return home, allowing only an hour's rest for their cattle. The lady, of course, could not object to the plan; but thinking it a pity the day should be entirely lost, she discovered, on emerging from the Abbey-walls, a shady lane, leading, "she felt certain," to a good view of the forbidden subject; and, as Ellen was the card to be played on young Barton, the wily mother requested he would escort her for that purpose, saying, she would proceed with the others to the inn, and there await the re-assembling of the party. In their progress up the town, Mr. Barton filed off in search of a baker's shop, as Fanny protested she was "dying of hunger, and would give any thing in the world for a penny roll."

At the door of the inn stood a very gay equipage; three ladies and a gentleman in which, were laughing immoderately, on examining the book just brought out for the purpose of receiving their names.



"Oh, here *is* Mrs. Temple!" cried one of them, "and—"

"My dear Lady Saunders, how delighted I am to see you!" (said) and "how I wish you were a thousand miles off," (thought) Mrs. Temple.

"Do tell us the meaning of this joke, and how your names came in such ridiculous contact with,—What is it, Sir John? give me the book. Look, Mrs. Temple, there must be some mistake,—'Old Tom Barton, dry-salter, (in the name of fortune, what is a dry-salter?) of Larrance Pountney Lane, and my son Tom here.'"

Thus, indeed, the offended innkeeper had entered them, strictly adhering to the letter of the crusty old citizen's instructions.

"How very good!" cried Mrs. Temple, trying to laugh, "how like Mr. Barton! he is such a wag! Yes," she continued, "we are attended by two gentlemen of that name, the elder of whom quite kills one—he is so facetious."

"You are going into the house?" said Lady Saunders. "We may as well alight, Sir John, and see what they can give us to eat, by and bye. Are you at Hastings?" she proceeded: "We have been there a week; that is, at St. Leonard's. Wonder we saw nothing of you."

"We were not out the last few days," Mrs.

Temple was beginning to answer, and "would to heaven we had staid in now," she added to herself, when the door opened, and in bustled the dry-salter.

"I've brought you some biscakes, Miss Stapleton; couldn't git no rolls for love nor money; but I've found some capital ginger beer, at a little shop over the way. When my son Tom comes in, we'll go over and make him stand treat, shall us? Servant, ladies: servant, sir," he continued, ducking his head twice in the direction of the strangers.

"Is this, then, a dry-salter?" asked Lady Saunders of Sir John, in a voice some degrees above a whisper. "Is this your friend, Mrs. Temple?" she added.

"A very odd man! Quite a character!" returned that suffering person. "Mr. Barton, might I ask you to order the carriage immediately: I do not feel very well. I am most anxious to be at home. My dearest Lady Saunders, excuse me; we shall meet soon, I trust: do not let us detain you from visiting the Abbey."

At length poor Mrs. Temple was released from her unwelcome friends; and soon Ellen, with "my son Tom," appeared. The means of escape were thus ensured; and the disappointed

matron spoke not until arrived at home, when summoning Ellen to her dressing-room, she began :—

“ Well ! what passed—any thing ? ”

“ Where, Mama ? When ? ”

“ Fool ! with young Barton, of course ; what did he say to you ? ”

“ He said he would cut my pencils for me, if I liked.”

“ Pshaw ! was that all ? ”

“ No : he told me all my lines were crooked ; and that I had made the Abbey so large, I should never get in the trees.”

“ Dolt ! Idiot ! Oh,” groaned Mrs. Temple, “ who would wish to be a mother ! Tell me, simpleton, did he say nothing—look nothing tender ? Come, none of your pretended simplicity ; you know, well enough, what I mean.”

“ He only said it was time to go back to the inn ; and I did not see how he looked, for I thought you intended Jane to have him, so I never looked at him.”

“ Was there ever such an ass ! What did you—what *could* you think, I sent *you* with him for, if I had meant him for Jane ? ”

“ That was the thing that puzzled me ; and I do believe it was thinking of that, caused me to

make my lines so crooked; for Mademoiselle Müllenstern says, a straight line is the only thing I *can* draw."

Mr. Temple remained in London after his family had quitted it, on business relative to Lincolnshire affairs; whilst attending to which, he was requested by his lady to keep an eye upon Wallingford, and, if possible, to bring or send him down to Hastings. The two young Stapletons she felt certain would soon be added to her party, since she had secured their sister.

Wallingford, however, took his head to be examined by Deville, who pronounced the organ of memory to be remarkably small, and that of philoprogenitiveness nearly undiscoverable. Farther, he perceived a bump, which he dubbed locomotiveness, and a considerable protuberance coming under the denomination of curiosity; from which symptoms he facetiously hazarded his conviction, that the patient would neither die of a broken heart, nor kill himself for love. At the same time he considered it highly probable that, following the example of other young men of fashion, his patient might visit the continent.

On the morning after the excursion to Battel, the post brought Mrs. Temple the following letter from her husband:—

“ My dear Maria,

“ On receipt of this, I should wish you to make immediate preparations for giving up the house at Hastings, and adjourning to Fenny Hollows. Wallingford is gone abroad for two years (he says); and the young Stapletons find that business will prevent their accepting your invitation to join your party this autumn. I saw their father yesterday, who desired me to say this; and, also, that he purposes going down on Friday to fetch Fanny home, her mother being very unwell, he tells me, and the whole family quite dull for want of her. Affairs in Lincolnshire, I am sorry to say, are considerably awry, and so urgently requiring my presence, that it is not impossible but I may be at Fenny Hollows before you. I also think it very probable, that the same cause may prevent our visiting London at all next year.

“ I cannot say I am surprized at the failure of your Hastings scheme, since I never saw much prospect of its success; and I regret you left town so early, as it has been unusually and unexpectedly gay. Three matches, I hear, were arranged at the last party at Dunmore House. The Burfords have given two magnificent balls within the last ten days. The Pagans are gone

to Italy, and have taken Lord William Hende, and Captain Herbert, with them : so I suppose its a settled thing. Let your movements be as prompt, and, above all, as economical, as possible. Your bills, in this short time, must be trifling, I imagine ; at least, I hope so. The Stapletons talk of going to Brighton for the winter, by way of indulging Fanny's predilection for the sea. Brighton is ruinous, I have always understood, in the winter ; however, they can afford it. Love to the girls,

“Your affectionate husband,

“JOHN TEMPLE. .

“P.S. I met Stanley, this morning: he is going to be married, he tells me, to Lady Emma Middleton, the sister of his friend, Middleton, you know. I should think you might set out on Saturday at the latest.”

## CHAPTER XI.

*The Short Dinner.*

HAVING no wish to accompany Mrs. Temple and her family in their banishment to Fenny Hollows, a region, we believe, somewhat resembling that celebrated spot on the borders of the Swan River to wit, "Squampash Flatts, near Muddiboo," we will turn our attention to Fanny Stapleton and her father. The journey to London was one of unmixed delight to the former, having been privately informed by him, that Mrs. Stapleton's health was by no means in that state to create any alarm; but that, having been unaccustomed to the loss of her daughter's society, she had experienced a degree of languor, and general indisposition, which there was no manner of doubt Fanny's return home would very speedily remove.

"If you wish it, and if your mother approves," said this indulgent parent, "I see no reason why we should not winter at Brighton. The distance, and modes of conveyance are now so easy

to that place, that there would be no difficulty in my running down to you from Saturday to Monday. Your brothers, too, might do the same; and I think it would thus be agreeable to all of us."

"Oh, that would be quite delightful!" replied Fanny, "I should then have nothing whatever to wish for. Certainly," she added, "I have enjoyed this short visit to Hastings greatly. Mrs. Temple and the girls were as kind as possible to me; but still, there was the want of a feeling of home that hung over me, and would not let me be quite perfectly happy; and then Mrs. Temple seems so anxious, and, I should say, 'fussey' at times, although I never could tell why: it often made me quite uncomfortable to see it. I really think she has some grief, or other, on her mind, poor woman! which must be doubly hard to bear, if she has no one to confide it to."

"I fear the Temples have rather overstrained their means lately, in attempting to keep pace with their perhaps richer, and more fashionable friends. Temple hinted to me, that it would be absolutely necessary for them to commence a system of retrenchment; and indeed, my dear, that was one motive that hurried me to fetch you, for I



believe Mrs. Temple is a thoughtless, worldly-minded woman, and I did not choose that she should have the plea of your visit to them to urge for lengthening her stay in a place which, I believe, prudence would have decided her on avoiding."

The good merchant did not here think it necessary to add, that he had, in the most friendly manner, offered his services to Mr. Temple, should any temporary embarrassment have been produced by oversight, or other circumstances. The equally honest, and plain spoken Mr. Temple, however, assured him, it was still within his own power, by resuming with a tighter hand the reins of government, to check the useless and perplexing difficulties Mrs. Temple would otherwise bring upon his head. Like most men of easy temper in trifles, he could see, and act up to important exigencies, with a degree of judicious firmness, that left no doubt on Mr. Stapleton's mind of his easily surmounting his present difficulties.

Barney, of course, had been discharged on the ladies leaving town, and had fortunately found an immediate service as man of all work with two old maids, and their bachelor brother, residing in Montague Place; a far better quarter

of the town, as his late fellow-servants told him, than the fluctuating "west end." Where servants are just hired for a few months, to make a splash with, exposed to all kinds of temptation and wickedness, and turned adrift at the approach of winter, on the families leaving town; many of whom are so well aware of the depravity of London servants, that they will not endanger the integrity of those they have in the country, by bringing them within reach of its contaminating precincts. Barney had reason, therefore, to be thankful, in having secured a place where he might, probably, stay from year to year.

Miss Jones, Miss Julia Jones, and Mr. James Jones, were the three remaining unmarried branches of a considerably large number of Jones's, transmitted to the public by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, two, no doubt, very worthy personages, though boasting a name not exactly distinguishable from the Brown's, White's, Smith's, and other monosyllabic cognomens, more laconic than elegant. In their own peculiar march, the elder Jones's had signalized themselves principally by their plentiful production of little Jones's; and in having, by the means of some honest trade or other, then acknowledged, but long since utterly forgotten by Miss Jones, Miss

Julia Jones, and Mr. James Jones, left a tolerably comfortable provision for each and every of their numerous progeny.

The Misses Jones, on demise of their parents, and subsequently on having, or nearly so, given up all hopes of marriage, had resolved to commence housekeeping in conjunction with their younger, and only single brother. They took a house, as aforesaid, in Montague Place, which, although east of Tottenham Court Road, appeared to their half-formed notions of fashion, the pink of perfection, as regarded situation; and they most unconscionably expected to be visited therein by their more fashionable friends, notwithstanding the law of that supreme dictator, Theodore Hook, had gone forth to mar such presumptuous hopes.

No one ever heard the Misses Jones recur to the days of their juvenility, or specify their location during infancy and youth. By silence on this head they hoped, (alas! how vainly,) that a censorious, ill-natured world, could, or would, forget they had been born in the questionable neighbourhood of St. Mary Axe, and that they had received the first rudiments of education at a day school in the Minories: they had some recollection of having once been quartered at or

near Battle Bridge for change of air, after the scarlet fever; and they audaciously boasted, "that they had never in their lives passed a summer *in* London, or a winter *out* of it." True it is, they now generally exchanged the autumnal dust of Montague Place, for the romantic heights of Harrow, the shades of Turnham Green, or that convenient place, Broadstairs, so situated, that persons of few friends and small incomes, may make it their professed residence, while their actual one shall be in the obscurity of some impenetrable back street, in that most un-nameable of all places, Margate. Accommodating Broadstairs! thy Post-office offering colour and credibility to the deceptive visitors of cheaper Margate. Then the access so easy! By the packet to Margate. Nobody minds owning they went "by," though hardened must the sinner be who could say "to," Margate. "Every body goes, you know, by the steamer to Margate; so easy, so pleasant; and there you find coaches and carriages of all kinds, waiting your landing, to carry you to Broadstairs. No distance! down to dinner! all that sort of thing."

Most true, most undeniable; and, oh! most "imposing" does all this sound. The Jones's

considered themselves well informed on points of this nature, and entertained so great a dread of committing any thing contrary to taste, that, during the Easter vacation, when "every body" ought to be, and is supposed to be out of town, they confined themselves to a back parlour, and kept closely barred every window-shutter in front of the house. If circumstances (and they generally did) brought them to town earlier in the winter than their bug-bear fashion dictated, they resolutely kept up appearances, by having the parlour blinds enveloped in their summer garb of newspaper, still keeping the windows closed of all but the front parlour, where they, however, ventured now to domesticate, since no one had more right to be in town than themselves, and could not, therefore, profess to see them. And if gentlemen (so styled) caught a peep of their caps above the said blinds, and committed the gallantry of kissing hands, or such a thing, what did it signify,—they had only been mistaken for the maids! and it was pleasant to see, that their return was not even suspected.

Mr. James Jones "held a situation" in one of the public offices. Blundering, common-place persons, would have styled him a clerk therein; but, to destroy all notion of this kind, it was

declared by himself and sisters, that he occupied the more high sounding, because less understood post, of "Reader." His duties were asserted to be paramount to the duties of those employed in the more menial capacity of quill driving; requiring great powers of mind, and unusual exertion of thought. The creature, too, aimed at being considered literary; and accounted for having never "put out a book" under his own name, on the plea, that, "Whatever he wrote must be for the government." Mr. James Jones was, in point of fact, a mere plodding piece of machinery, and made a far better clerk than he would have done a tradesman; and his longer headed father probably foresaw, that his abilities were not adapted to the mercantile profession, and wisely placed him at one of those never varying, mechanical desks, where perseverance and industry were the only talents required. It is ordained, however, that our self-love creates for itself gratification in the very circumstances least creditable to us; and thus it was, that Mr. James Jones felt a comforting consciousness of his employment being by many degrees more genteel than those of his money-making brothers.

Accident had thrown him amongst a few literary men; and having no wife, nor family, to

engross his leisure time, he grasped at the cultivation of their society, as a means of filling up the vacuum of his evening hours. Having, somehow or other, (most probably from the contraction of his ideas,) formed a wonderful notion of the glory of authorship in general, he naturally concluded, that the next best thing to proving himself a literary man, was, to be as much as possible seen in the company of those unquestionably so considered. He might, perhaps, carry his hopes so far, as to expect a little of their learning would be transferrable by means of friction, and lost no opportunity of seizing a real living professed author by the button, if the slightest introduction had made such a proceeding at all warrantable. He travelled, too—this Mr. Jones made a point of visiting the continent every year for a month or so; making, what sailors call, “A man of war’s cruize—there and back again.” There were few cities in modern Europe he had not passed through; and it was seldom Mr. James Jones experienced the mortification of saying, (whatever place might, in conversation, happen to be named,) “I never was there.” His object in travelling not being that of gaining information, or knowledge of manners, customs, &c. of the

states he scampered over, it would have been unfair, in his less excursive friends, to expect he should convey to them a single idea touching these matters. Not one sous, cared Mr. James Jones, that he had entered Rome after dark, and left it before daylight. He had been there: his journal proved the fact, as also the name of his abode for the few hours of sleep he enjoyed there, together with a careful enumeration of the items composing his supper, and the price thereof. The said journal also establishing the not unfrequent circumstances, of extreme hunger having preceded, as sound sleep had followed, the arrival of Mr. James Jones, at the very hour and minute he had calculated upon, even in his own little "study" (a closet where his boots lived) in Montague Place.

If a determined, drizzling rain chose to fall, on the morning of his ascending Mont Blanc, or any other mountain which it is expected one should ascend, it was unfortunate, certainly; but it never occurred to the traveller to postpone his journey for a single day, since that would have thrown him out in his dates. He did not even adopt the plan of shrewder Sheridan, and "say he had been there." Mr. James Jones was too matter-of-fact a man for that; but, though some-



thing deficient in sense, he was not devoid of instinct; and, by keeping a tight hold of the guide's cloak, he was enabled, as he devoutly believed, to perform the necessary pilgrimage. And, although he might not have been able to perceive his own shoe-strings, during the progress, yet he was quite convinced he had walked a very long way up, and a long way down again; and he sat comfortably to rest in his inn, to commemorate the event, with its usual contingencies of hunger, sleep, and paying of his bill: duties he never forgot, either to perform or to record.

For some few years after the continent was thrown open to travellers, the opening phrase of "When I was in Paris," gave a man a certain lead in conversation, and effectually closed the mouths of those who had not yet acquired the power of flourishing off, by that once imposing sentence. The provoking nonchalance with which every one now talks of, "When I was *last* at Florence," "During my *second* visit to Moscow," and so on, leaves a person no chance of attracting the attention, or opening the ears of the company by any thing short of, "I remember, the first time I saw Jerusalem—" or, "From the summit of the Andes, one often sees—"

whatever may occur to the fancy at the moment, for the chances are ten to one that no one present is qualified to enter the lists with you.

Thus passed the life of Mr. James Jones : eleven months of his year devoted to daily attendance at his office ; the remaining four weeks to the less useful, though, in his idea, far more important, " There and back again," of whatever might be the greatest distance possibility allowed him to achieve within a given time.

Several poets, and others, have asserted, that happiness is not an inhabitant of this earth. The assertion is as rash as it is unfounded. Let them speak of their own experience, and avoid so sweeping a clause. Mr. James Jones, in his consciousness of competence, celibacy, and continental capabilities, was a perfectly happy man.

Miss Jones, by name Griselda, was one of those harmless, innocent insects, who apparently have no visible use assigned them in life ; but, as we cannot imagine even a Miss Jones to have been created in vain, it becomes a matter of curiosity to discover for what earthly purpose she could have been suffered to exist ; and, on studying the character of Miss Julia Jones, it appears perfectly evident that Grizzle, (as her

name indeed imports, and materially led to this conclusion,) Grizzle Jones was born for the purpose of becoming the vehicle to receive all the ill-temper of her sister, whose disposition, naturally sour and crooked, had attained a farther degree of acidity by the failure of one or two matrimonial expectations, and now vented itself in continued, though petty attacks, upon whoever had the misfortune to be near her: and as this happened to be Grizzle, on Grizzle, of course, the weight fell. But let no one waste their sympathies in this cause: nature had provided Miss Jones with an imperturbability that received, unfelt and harmless, the keenest shafts of envy, peevishness, and discontent, from Julia. And here, again, we are led to see and admire this disposal of affairs; the teasing, fidgetty, mean-spirited motives of Julia, were totally undiscoverable by her sister, who thus, by interposing her impenetrable person, became the unconscious receptacle of taunts, that would have pierced to the heart of any one but a Miss Jones. The sisters were constantly together; it was necessary to one, and not irksome to the other. Their employments consisted in the regulation of their household, the arrangement of their furniture, and the paying and receiving of visits. They never declined

an invitation, it being their only purpose in life, to go out, and to receive company.

Of late years, their establishment had consisted of two maids and a man; the novel acquirement of the latter being ever present to their minds, it became a point, upon which a wager of any amount might safely be adventured, that no one could pass half an hour in the presence of any one of the three Jones's, without hearing of some circumstance in which "Thomas, the manservant," was brought forward. The habit was, indeed, so inveterate, that a debate ensued, on discovering the difficulty of diverging from the customary "Thomas," to the less familiar "Barney;" and it ended in an appeal to the latter, whether he would submit to be addressed as Thomas; "The family," as they most truly averred, "having been so long accustomed to that name, as to be unequal to the trouble of substituting any other in its place."

Barney willingly consented to the proposition, on condition of retaining that of Mahoney; for, as he very justly remarked, "Any Christian might be named Thomas, but 'twas few would choose the second appellation of Wiggins, unless obliged to it by reason of their father having borne it before them; which, he was

proud and thankful to say, was not the case with himself, or any of the Mahoneys, let alone the Callaghans." So Barney Mahoney, of Blackpool, in the city of Cork, was transmogrified into "Thomas, the man-servant," of Montague Place.

His brogue, it is true, afflicted the ladies in some degree; but, on observing it to attract the attention of their guests, and in dread of their supposing that they had imported the "raw article," they never failed to volunteer the information, that "Thomas, the new man-servant," had previously lived in a very fashionable family near Grosvenor Square.

It was admitted that the Jones's gave very decent dinners; and they believed these, and their evening parties also, to be unique. There was no reason why they should not be so; neither means nor will were wanting to obtain so desirable an end: the deepest subject of reflection the sisters ever attempted to handle, was that of who, and what, they should have at their projected entertainment: and the pains-bestowed thereon, secured a tolerably successful result. Their family repasts, however, were not bountiful. Miss Julia took the principal part of the housekeeping affairs in hand, and scrupled

not to limit, or indeed nearly to abolish, all luxuries of the table, except when company were expected.

Miss Jones was wont to confess, that *if* her brother James had a fault, it was that of sometimes unexpectedly bringing an odd man or two home to dine with them. As the sisters had given up all connubial speculations, it *could* answer no good purpose; while even to her dull perceptions, it brought the certainty of vexation to Julia, who had not the good taste to abstain from apologies on the subject, addressed to the unwelcome, though smiled-on visitor. The day following that of Barney's instalment in office, Mr. James Jones committed this offence; and *wilfully* so, as Julia averred; for, to prevent accidents, she had, in the morning, warned him, they should have positively a leg of mutton only. It so chanced, however, that Mr. James Jones fell into chat with a poet that day, and whether tempted to the sin by the circumstance, of his being of the Leg of Mutton School of Poetry, or some other invincible impetus, it is vain to explain, but he actually brought him home in his hand; having, as he thought, most conscientiously limited his hopes to the said joint.

Grizzle never apologized for any deficiency:

she met with no "heart-breaks" of that kind herself; and, moreover, left the business in the hands of Julia, who, happening to be dressing when James and his friend arrived, Grizzle thought to save time and words by "stating the case" as it stood.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Hopkins," said she, "but I hope James has told you on what expectations to ground your appetite, for Julia mentioned the circumstance to him this morning. She will be down immediately: indeed, it is seldom we are not both in the drawing-room half an hour before dinner, but we took rather a long walk to-day, and Julia was a little over-tired; however, we got through a great deal this morning," she continued, addressing her brother, "for we had quite an accumulation on our hands; the weather has been so wet, lately, there was no getting out. I really was quite ashamed not to have been able to call on the Phillips's, for they have been in town a week, and were sure we must know it, as their brother-in-law, you know, dined here on Monday: so we made that the first object; and luckily, not finding them at home, went to the Fraser's, but did not go in, as they have had the influenza, but are all well now, which is a very

good thing. Saw the Barlows; they were at home; they have been to Leamington; looking very well indeed, particularly Maria; really, a very pretty girl growing, *I* think, but Julia says her eyes are too large; and then to the Regent's Park." "Have you seen the Pantheon, Mr. Hopkins? Don't you think it delightful—the panoramic view from St. Paul's, especially? *I* really think it quite wonderful how any man could have patience to paint so many thousand little puffs of smoke all coming exactly the same way, and so exactly alike, from so many thousand chimnies. They say the painter lived three years in the ball of St. Paul's, you know, and never once came down till his picture was finished; and suffered so much from heat and cold, and all that sort of thing, as to lose three toes and two fingers: poor man, how shocking! and a pity, too, *I* think; for, after all, the picture is not half so good as the reality, and is quite as difficult to get at." "Beautiful houses really, James, those in Clarence Terrace! not that *I* would exchange, in point of situation, with this: so far from the theatres, only the Barfords never go there, they say, which makes a difference; and really, in the summer, what with Primrose Hill, and one thing or other, it must be very pleasant,



and quite equal to the country. A great deal of game, I have been told, there is in that Park; and Mr. Barford going to the city every day makes it convenient. So, in coming home, we called at the Marshalls; but the eldest son is dead. Only think, James, how sudden: only ill ten days: poor young man,—which was very lucky; for, of course, we were not let in, and just gave us time to pay the bride visit in Gower Street, which really it was distressing we had delayed so long; and very well she looked, I assure you, without a cap, though, which surprised me. Two of her sisters staying with her, but did not appear: Julia thinks they do not look well by daylight, perhaps. So its quite excusable if that is the case; and I really am so hungry, that I shall make a very furious attack upon our leg of— Oh! here comes Julia, now we shall have dinner. I have just been saying, Julia, how hungry I am, and—”

Julia, however, was so accustomed to hear Grizzle run on by the hour, with the relation of all she had done, or left undone, or meant to do, that she turned at once to Mr. Hopkins, with what she intended for a bewitching smile, saying—

“If any thing *could* induce me to lament your appearance at any, or all times, I should

do so to-day. I must call upon your indulgence to forgive our blundering cook, who sent up to me five minutes ago to say, that she had quite forgotten to make the soup I ordered, and that the poulterer had omitted sending the turkey; (it is really shameful of him! such customers as we are;) and, in hopes of my coming home, she delayed ordering any thing else. Stupid woman! so I had no resource but to bid her immediately to dress a leg of mutton that happened to be in the house; and which, I am sorry to say, is all we shall see to-day, excepting the usual course of pastry."

To stop a ship in full sail, or to turn a water-course, would have been as impossible as any attempt at arresting Julia in her inventive explanation. No time, however, was allowed for the undertaking. Barney, otherwise Thomas, the man-servant, entered to announce dinner at the commencement of her speech, and stood with the door in his hand, until a pause suffered him to execute his purpose. He thus became informed, as he thought, of the cook's delinquency, which he failed not to report to her on going down for a replenishment of potatoes, (the only—solitary accompaniment of the mutton,) declaring, also, Miss Julia quite *built upon* the pastry, and had

told the gentleman she hoped he would make up his dinner with the second course.

On re-ascending to the eating parlour, Barney deposited his dish; and going round to Miss Julia's side, almost shouted,—“ De cook, Miss, swears she niver hard a word o' de turkey, or de soup ayther, good or bad, an' hasn't made no pastry, 'cause she didn't know you expected company.”

Many things may be accurately described, but the smile of Miss Julia Jones is not one of the number, it being a convulsion she never willingly allowed herself to indulge in; it was a smile of the surface only, without light, life, or any symptom of nature in or about it, and consisted of a muscular extension of the mouth, almost from ear to ear, accompanied by a contraction of the forehead, a withering frown stamped upon that region, which seemed to scowl vengeance and future punishment on the recreant lips for their unwilling expansion.

One of these smiles Miss Julia perpetrated, and sending the offender for a glass of water, tried to explain away his error, by informing the poet, that their “new man-servant” was not yet accustomed to their ways, declaring, it was so very droll! his speaking in the dining-room.

"I was obliged to send him out of the room," she continued, "lest I should laugh. He is an Irishman, Mr. Hopkins," she proceeded, "I dare say you did not understand a word he said; for my part, I cannot make out his dialect at all."

"If I mistake not, we are from the same district," said the poet; "I was born in the county of Cork myself, and was revelling on the long-unheard accent of my country."

"This booby must be taught to speak only when spoken to," said Julia, on the departure of their guest; "I really thought I should have fainted when he commenced his horrid explanations."

Grizzle and James were silent, for both knew it would only still more exasperate Julia, to be informed how completely she had exposed *herself*; and they always considered her temper quite bad enough, without any opposition on their parts to increase its bitterness.

## CHAPTER XII.

*The Lovers' Seat.*

THERE were two individuals whose plans were completely thwarted by the sudden departure from Hastings of the Temples. These were Mr. Barton and his son. The former of whom, having arrived at the difficult decision that Miss Stapleton would, in all respects, be acceptable as a daughter-in-law, experienced a considerable accession of his customary irritability on the failure of any event he had fixed his mind upon.

His son, though he had been less certain of success, was even more disappointed by the circumstance which had interrupted their (as he hoped) growing intimacy. He could not be blind to the circumventing manœuvres of Mrs. Temple to obstruct his progress with Fanny, and transfer his attentions to one of her own girls; and the observation, if it influenced him at all, rendered him more decided in his pursuit of

Fanny, and more sanguine of its result, since it proved to him, at least, that he was "worth catching;" a conviction by no means despicable in the eyes of a man who has mixed little in society, and is unprovided with fashionable effrontery.

On discovering their loss, both were secretly devising the means of repairing it; a matter in some degree perplexing, and which induced a more than usually silent breakfast. The old man, indeed, had the comfort of venting his ill-humour upon the coffee, tea, rolls, and every article on the table, not excepting a plate of exquisite shrimps, which offended him by being too large, reminding him, as he said, "of prawns, without actually being prawns." The coffee scalded his throat. The tea was cold. His slippers had not been aired, he should get the gout; that villain, James, intended it, he could plainly see *that*, by his abominable neglect in this particular; and, in addition to all this, "What the devil held the newspaper?"

His son, who had swallowed unconsciously whatever came within his reach, without the alleviation of perceiving the faults of any thing, mildly suggested his father's watch might be too fast.

"Oh, of course—of course—of course my watch or myself—my watch or myself must be

wrong. Nothing can go wrong but fathers. When I—when I—when I lived in the city, my watch was right, and I was right, for all I never saw the—saw the inside of a college, and don't pretend to know a co-co-cock lobster from a ca-ca-ca-camel; but young men are so—are so d-d-dev—

“Are you sure your watch is going, Sir? I think you perhaps forgot to wind it up last night. If you observe the hands are —”

“Hey! Hem, going? Why it—it *has* stopped. Its your—your fault, Mr. Tom. What do you—what do you think—what can you suppose, Sir, I gave you a learned edication for, if I did n't expect you'd have sense to—sense to remind me to wind my watch up?”

“Suppose we take a stroll, Sir; you will then see the time by the church clock.”

“What—what—what do I care about the time, Sir. Why should I go out, to see nothing—to see nothing but a set of tallow-faced mortals walking for an appetite?”

“You will go through the market, father; surely you would not break through that good custom,” said his son, kindly hoping they might meet with something to improve the present state of his father's temper.

“Cus-cus-custom. Ah, there's—there's sense

in—sense in that, Tom. Nothing like customs, if they be *old* ones, boy. D' ye know, Tom, I-I-I sometimes think—sometimes think thou'rt not half so big a fool as I do at other times.”

“ I am very glad to hear it, Sir.”

“ You lie! you lie, Sir! You're not glad, Sir. You don't ca-ca-care a brass farthing about it, nor your father—father; nor any thing else, Sir. You know you're as mad as the d-d-divil at this—this moment; and so you—so you ought to be, Sir, at letting such a girl slip through your fingers.”

“ Nay, father, I do not think she was ever within my reach exactly,” replied the young man, rejoicing that his father had at length broken the ice he had feared to venture on, and hoping they would now come to some conclusion as to the most likely method of repairing their disappointment.

At length his father was dressed; had read his newspaper, and sallied forth towards the market. They had not, however, proceeded far up the High Street, when they were met by two men carrying a basket between them, and effectually blockading the pavement, as, pointing to their merchandize, they addressed the irritable drysalter with—



“Fine soles, Sir; fine plaice; fine plaice and soles.”

“Damn your ‘souls,’ leave the ‘place,’” roared the furious citizen, as he turned away, declaring he would not go into the market at all. That it was perfectly disgusting to see nothing but flat-fish eternally; and farther pronouncing themselves to be a couple of “flats” for staying in such a filthy, scorching, dull, dusty, disagreeable place. The only pleasant view it contained being that of the London Road; and the only desirable thing, a seat in one of the stages to town.

“We are getting on rapidly,” said young Tom to himself. “We shall be in London within three days at the farthest;” but he knew better than to endanger the probability of this event by appearing to foresee it.

“Since we are here, Sir, suppose we go up to Lovers’ Seat; you have never been there yet, and the day is remarkably fine.”

“Well, well, not that—not that I—not that I expect there is any thing to be seen there, for all the fuss some fools make about it.”

“At all events you will be able to pass an opinion on it in future; and that will be something.”

"Hum, hah, well—well—well, as you say, Tom, we've nothing *else* to do, so that's one reason for doing a fool's trick, hey! Tom."

"I hope so, Sir."

"You hope what—you hope what? What the deuce do you hope, Sir?"

Tom's thoughts, at the moment, had been employed on the chances of gaining admittance in Finsbury Square. He had not heard a word of his father's last speech; so he replied cautiously, "I hope it will not rain, Sir; nothing more."

"He lies again," thought old Barton; but, for a wonder, he did not tell him so. The lanes were rather more dusty, and the way longer than young Barton had calculated upon; and it was with considerable difficulty he prevailed on his father to persevere in gaining the object of their pursuit. Arrived, after much toil, at the edge of the precipice under which this celebrated seat is placed, the old gentleman exclaimed, as he observed his son marshalling the way down the little path leading to it, (one, by the bye, certainly not well calculated for gouty pedestrians, and requiring considerable command of head and foot,) "Hollo! Sir; hollo; where—where the deuce are you going now, Sir? Do you—

do you suppose—suppose I am coming after you down the cliff? Do you want me to break my neck, Sir?”

“Only just round this corner, Sir; take my arm; the seat is under the ledge you are standing upon. If you come round here you will reach it in a moment, and the view from it will, I assure you, amply repay the trouble.”

“If I do—if I —. No, Sir, I am not quite such an idiot as you think me; and you, Sir,—you would have a fine view, too, I take it. Yes, yes, Sir, to see your old father go head-over-heels into the sea. How did you dare, Sir, to bring me up this mountain. Yes, mountain, puppy! No grinning, Sir, knowing the state of my head, and that—and that I—I never go up to the top of St. Paul’s for a prospect without being sea-sick.”

“I am very sorry; I really forgot the giddiness of your head. Shall we turn back, Sir? or would you like to come down by Covehurst Cottage, the descent is quite easy, and home by the beach. It will be a change.”

“Any thing—any thing but the same way back; that’s if its shorter, Master Tom. I should never get home through those broiling lanes again.”

“It is much shorter, Sir, and good sands all the way, when the tide is down.”

Poor Tom, however, had omitted any observation on this particular; and, on guiding his grumbling and ill-humoured father to the beach, he was dismayed to perceive it was high-water, leaving them no means of passage except close at the foot of the cliffs, where the shingles and rocks afforded a most unpleasant and fatiguing footing.

“Well, Sir! where are—where are the sands you spoke of?”

“I fear the tide is against us, father; it appears to be high-water; otherwise the sands are as smooth and firm as a floor. It happens very unfortunately —”

“I see, Sir—I see—I see it all; I am to be—to be killed, destroyed, that’s the plan. So because I would not tumble over the cliff to please you, I am to get the gout, scrambling over these cu-cu-cursed rocks, and wet my feet. Oh, I see it all, in hopes—in hopes of flinging it into my stomach. Oh! that ever—ever I should be such a fool, such a bo-bo-booby, as to go trampoozleing out with a co-co-co-collegian. Well, Sir, you’ll come into a pretty—pretty little property. I’ve made my—made my will. so

there's no more occasion for me, I suppose; but remember, Sir, I expect to be buried decently; I won't be left here, mind that. Your poor mother lies in Shoreditch, and —"

"My dear father, pray do not talk in this manner. Sit down on this rock to rest a little, and you will be able to proceed better when you have taken breath."

"Under this chalk cliff, not a breath of air, and the sun reflected down upon me! but I see, Sir—I see—. Did I—did I not hear you, only last Monday, telling Miss Stapleton it was enough to give a—give a person a *cow di solyle* to sit close under the cliffs. Oh, I'm a murdered man, that's very clear. Go on, Sir, walk on. I'll reach my bed, if possible. I should wish—should wish to—wish to die in bed, if its agreeable to you."

The walk, in itself, was assuredly toilsome enough; and the old man rendered it still more painful to both parties by his peevish murmurings; so that, on arriving at their lodgings, he was completely exhausted, and retired immediately to bed, declaring, if able to bear the journey, he would go to London the following day, that he might die creditably in his own house, and evade the fees exacted for the passing of a corpse on

so long a journey. Too much exasperated against his son to accept even the composing draught he recommended to him, he angrily ordered him to leave the room, and send their landlady to him.

“ I’m a—a murdered man—a murdered man, Mrs. Kilderkin. Give me a glass of cordial before I go; there, that revives me. Now sit down, Mrs. Kilderkin. I want to—want to speak to you. Tell me, now, if there really—really is such a place as ‘Lovers’ Seat,’ or if—if its all an invention of my son Tom’s.”

“Lauk-a-day, yes, Sir! ‘Lovers’ Seat;’ sure, and certain there is, Sir. Not as ever I see it myself, though I was bred and born in Hastings, and never ha’ been out on it all my life, which its nine-and-fifty years, and over. I never was so far as Lovers’ Seat myself, but the gentlefolks all goes there, and very much its frequented in the summer; I’ve often talked of going there, but somehow I always find something better else to do.”

“ I believe you—I believe you, Mrs. Kilderkin. Well, I’m glad—I’m glad, at any rate, I have not been deceived. I really suspected —”

“ Oh dear, no, Sir. Your son was quite correct, Sir; for my grandmother often told me

the whole story about it. I believe it happened in her time."

"What happened?"

"The 'loplement, Sir. Did you never hear the story: its quite a ro-mance?"

"Not I. Oh! my foot. Ah, hugh! Another glass of the cordial, Mrs. Kilderkin. There—that seems to compose me a little—A story is there, ah!"

"Yes, Sir, I was going to tell you. A Captain Lion, or Lamb, the gentleman's name was, I forget just which, but I know it was one or the other, and there aint much odds you know, Sir, between lions and lambs, not when they are gentlemen; and the lady's name I never heard, to my knowledge; however, that don't matter, for whatever it was, it seems she hadn't no mind not to keep it; and her friends not approving of this here captain, she was sent down from London to Fairlight Farm here, to be out of the way in a manner, and get an opportunity of forgetting him, and that —. Howsever, some say these things is ordained, and so I think. What's your opinion, Sir? for it came to pass, that this Captain Lamb, or Lion, whatever it was, he was a sent down a cruising round our coast; and a spying out one day after the smugglers, which

they had a great knack in them times hiding of their kegs up among the cliffs, and there he spies, just under the edge of the very highest of them, a lady sitting in white, and ayther a working or a reading, I can't justly say which; but howsoever he pretends to suspicion it was a 'free trader,' as we calls-'em down here, and so he lands and scrambles up by Covehurst, and that way till he gets up quite to the down; but could see no sign of the lady, by reason the cliff hung over just where she was 'a sot.' Well, he lays him down on his flat, and looks him over the edge; still he could'n't see her. So then he sets him to work 'exploding' the little path she'd a made for herself through the bushes, and there, sure enough, he finds her a sitting in a little hollow, like; and who should it be but his own sweetheart; and had found out this spot, where she used to come and sit, thinking, I suppose, of her lover.—Don't you think so, Sir? So they used to meet here; and it wouldn't be long, you'll guess, Sir, before he carried her off in his ship; and then this seat was put up, and many a pair of lovers has sat there since, as I'm told; and all the visitors goes up, the young ones in particular; its nat'ral you see, Sir; it's a something like to talk on; and one thing leads to another very oft. But I can't say I ever knowed



of a father and son going there together, not before. If you'd a had a lady with you, Sir, I dares for to say you wouldn't have felt no fer-tigue."

"I dare for to say no such thing, Mrs. Kilderkin. Oh, mercy! my legs. Ah, my poor back! Is there any—any more—any more cordial in the bottle? I think another glass might send me to sleep."

The clock struck nine the following morning as the Bartons seated themselves in the stage-coach for London. The old man's spirits rose with every mile they accomplished, and, on reaching his own residence, he declared himself "wonderfully well, considering," ascribing all due merit to the revivifying powers of London smoke; and "wondering," for the fiftieth time, "how he could ever be such a jackass as to travel beyond the sound of Bow bells."

It may be supposed that no very extensive period of time elapsed before Mr. Tom Barton's card reposed on the table of Mr. Stapleton's hall. The youth was not greatly versed in the "sowing of dinner tickets;" he was, therefore, considerably elated to find himself, in consequence, possessed of two notes of invitation for his father and himself, on an early day; a proceeding arising, in the first place, from Fanny's repre-

sentation of the civilities she had received from them at Hastings; as also, perhaps, a little influenced by the impression her indulgent parents had, by some means, acquired, that young Barton was not absolutely disagreeable to Fanny; and as the first wish of their hearts was to see her happily and worthily married, they were anxious to become better acquainted with one to whom they saw no reasonable objection.

Mrs. Temple had pronounced it utterly impossible to cultivate the intimacy of persons committing the atrocity of dining at three o'clock. The good-natured Mrs. Stapleton was, happily, less refined; and having ascertained the early habits of the elder Barton to be almost essential to his comfort, she ordered, for the unheard-of hour of four, the dinner they otherwise took at the equally unfashionable one of five; and the drysalter being somewhat flattered by this compromise, with avidity accepted her summons, and determined to play his "very *most* agreeable."

How the dinner went off, and to what other engagements it led, must be left either to the imagination of the reader, or to some future chapter. At present, affairs recall us to Montague Place.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*The Cousins Pearson.*

“ I HAVE been thinking, James,” said Miss Jones to her brother, “ we really ought to invite our cousins Pearson—the girls, I mean—to town for a few weeks this winter. They were very kind to you in Swaledale, two years ago, when you went down shooting, you know: I have felt in their debt ever since, I am sure.”

“ I doubt not you would find them a great bore, Grizzle; recollect, they have never seen any thing like *society*.”

“ That I am certain she would,” said Miss Julia. “ For my part, I think it horrid to have raw cousins to lionize, particularly when, as in this case, they are decidedly worse off than ourselves.”

“ Well, now, Julia, you surprize me. I know nothing so delightful, as to witness the enjoyment and admiration of strangers in London. The Pearsons have never set foot in it, you know. I declare, I think it would be quite a

treat to shew them every thing, which we could so well do, now that we are quite settled, and the spare bed would do for them both; and hearing all their remarks and delight—I should enjoy it amazingly.”

“Remember, my dear Grizzle, their remarks would often be very derogatory to our feelings, and would doubtless be given at dinner, before the man-servant, and all that sort of thing. Besides, you can form no notion of the antediluvian style in which they dress; and, moreover, must expect to be perpetually addressed as *cussen* Grizzle; which, in their horrid dialect, is no joke. I am sure, I never was so tired of any thing in my life, as of my own name *cuxxened* forth, in the uncouth accents of cousin Nancy, and cousin Betsey Pearson.”

“Still, you know, James, we did invite them to return your visit, and I do not see how we can, honourably, avoid pressing the invitation; and their mother, you know, being our mother’s sister, makes a difference.”

“In what respect, Grizzle?”

“Why, I do not know that one can *explain* it exactly; but I am sure *I* feel it; and so, I dare say, does Julia.”

“Excuse me, sister, by no means: on this

subject I have but two feelings—those of dissent and assent: the first, most certainly, predominates in a powerful degree.”

“Julia,” said James, “is like the little child, who, on being told her grandmother was dead, and asked what she *felt* in consequence of the communication, very simply inquired, ‘Is it *hungry*, mamma?’ ‘No, my dear, not hungry,’ returned her mother. ‘Oh, then,’ said the little girl, ‘it must be *thirsty*.’ Now Julia neither hungers nor thirsts for her cousins Pearson.”

“Most assuredly I do not, James; though, perhaps, I do possess more than *two* feelings: however, if Grizzle and you chose to have them, I suppose I must submit, as usual.”

The “must submit,” was a case presumptive; the “as usual,” a positive invention.

Miss Jones argued that there could be no time more favourable to the purpose than the present, inasmuch as “Thomas, the new man, was very young, had seen but little of the world, and would not, therefore, be qualified to quiz the cousins, as too many footmen might do.” Then she really “quite longed to see Yorkshire; and, of course, if they had the Pearsons in Montague Place, they could do no less than give them, in

return, an offer of spending the autumn in Swaledale."

"You little think what Swaledale is, and that they positively dine at twelve o'clock. I suppose my worthy uncle Pearson would raise the whole parish about their ears, if he did not see his dinner on the table within five minutes after twelve."

"How dreadful! What can they possibly do with themselves the rest of the day: they pay their visits after dinner, of course. How very odd: and eat suppers, I should not wonder. Well, I must say, it is beyond me to imagine what *we* are to do with them!"

"As to visits, Julia, I believe there is not much visiting within their reach. Their nearest neighbours are three miles off, and only approachable during a long fit of dry weather, the cross road between them being *unattemptsable* nine months of the year. They have a chapel within half a mile, to which they, and all within the distance of a walk, flock every evening, and three times on a Sunday. Then between dinner and supper, so called—but, in point of fact, the noontide and eight o'clock meals—they retire now and then to their separate rooms to 'say a few prayers,' as they express it."

“ Well, really now, James, you cannot object to so good a practice as that, and I dare say they are very good people ; only it does seem a little odd to dine at twelve o'clock, and suppers, to be sure, are *quite out*; at the same time, I declare I could always make a hearty meal at twelve o'clock, or *one*, at any rate, and one dines at eight very frequently ; so that, after all, the difference is more in name than in reality.”

“ Not if you take into consideration the huge basins of tea, and large piles of toast, they demolish in the course of what they term the afternoon. I fear, too, they would find it difficult, if not impossible, to conform to our London hours.”

“ Surely, if they are made to understand we adopt the invariable rules of fashionable life. I cannot imagine, James, any female having the hardihood to resist so conclusive an argument.”

“ Well, Grizzle, have them by all means, and you will soon know better. Do not, however, expect I can be seen with them in the Park, or any thing of that kind. I should die, if the author of Pelham, or my friend Theodore Hook, made them out to be our cousins : we should inevitably see them in print next spring.”

In spite of the resistance of brother and sister,

Miss Jones, for once in her life, carried her point; and so intensely did she suffer in consequence thereof, that she ever after declared she would rather have any thing in the whole world than her own way.

The Pearsons, it was settled, would come; the when—within a fortnight; the how—by means of that convenient vehicle, the mail coach, provided, as they said, their cousin Jones's would meet them at the coach-office, for fear of pick-pockets and kidnappers.

The Pearsons possessed, in their retreat of Swaledale, a certain uncle John, who had once, some fifty years prior to the period of this history, been very near indeed taking a journey to London. The said journey never was performed; but, as uncle John, at that time, rejoiced in numerous friends, who had not only heard of, but many of them experienced, and some few had survived, the various impositions of ring-dropping, pocket-cutting, way-laying, and other sharpish deceptions, uncle John had been so abundantly (though uselessly) fore-armed, that he considered himself fully qualified to guard his nieces against the numerous deceptions to be practised upon them.

He made it perfectly clear to them, that they



would be cheated in every shop they entered, and warned them never to accept of any goods recommended as "warranted sound," "fast colours," &c. by the sellers. Also to remember, if they should chance to lose themselves in the streets, to go into some shop and hire a guide, and not inquire their route of any person they might meet, or they would infallibly be led into some horrible den in St. Giles's, or Wapping, and basely murdered, only for having come out of Yorkshire. If they should go to the theatres, they were cautioned to betray neither surprize nor gratification, or they would as certainly be watched out, and their pockets would be picked on the lobby or staircase. As soon as they were safely arrived in Montague Place, their mother desired they would write, but by no means to pay the post, since, if they did so, the letter would never be delivered: "How could it be expected it should?" the good woman observed. "And tell your cousin Grizzle," she added, "I have two fine hams curing for her, if she should hear of any private hand I could send them by; for if I sent them by the waggon they would never get there; how should they? And if either of you have any thing new in the way of gowns, as most likely you must and especially

Nancy, as she is so very thin, be sure to have them made full large, in case of growing stouter in a year or two's time; for whether you have it little or big, you will never see a snip come home from the mantua-maker, so you may as well have what you buy as not. Be sure to offer at least half price for every thing; and never leave it to be sent home after you, or you will have an inferior article put in its place." These, and a thousand other directions having been impressed on their minds, during ten days of preparation for their eventful expedition, the Pearsons were finally desired by the Jones's to stop at the Angel Inn, Islington, where they would find "Thomas, the man-servant," in attendance to escort them into town.

"I think cousin James might have come to meet us," said Nancy.

"Perhaps cousin Grizzle thought it would look better to send the man-servant," replied her more easily satisfied sister.

"I think it was very pretty of her. I wonder how many servants they keep: we shall be quite *stated*, I expect."

"Oh! I'm determined not to be dashed, if they are ever so fine," returned Nancy; "and I hope you will not shew you are afraid of them.

They are no better than ourselves : our mothers were own sisters ; their father kept a shop, and ours a farm, that's all ; I can tell them, I shall soon take them down, if they overbear *me*."

Before proceeding to a farther introduction of these young farmeresses, it is expedient that the English reader should receive some insight into the peculiarity of their *patois*, which it is my intention to write as nearly as I may according to the pronunciation ; at the same time premising, that "ears polite" will find it by many degrees more savage, and less intelligible, than even the brogue of Barney Mahoney.

I have heard it argued, and with some degree of truth, as well as ingenuity, that there are but two words in our language which have justice done them in that barbarous county of York ; and, moreover, that those two are pronounced there differently from the manner in which we hear them pronounced in any other part of England. The words in question are—sugar, and pear ; according to the York tongue, "sewgar," and "peer." Now I do admit that *s-u*, has neither right nor title to be pronounced *shu* ; but I think the matter more doubtful, in regard to the fruit above named, more especially since we have peers of the realm, who, though they sometimes agree to

“pair off,” on some parliamentary question, yet I believe they would resolutely oppose any motion for being pared in any other way.

Leaving the adjustment of these points at the pleasure of the public, I would direct the study of my readers to other, and equally astounding peculiarities of sound, or it will be in vain that I attempt to introduce them to the Pearsons.

In the first place, then, our little liquid pronoun I, becomes a totally different personage, to be expressed only by the letters “Agh.” Every vowel assumes a broad, drawling sound; and the abbreviations used by the Yorkites are both curious, startling, and almost incomprehensible.

I recollect once seeing an accomplished and learned gentleman totally nonplused by a sentence which fell from the lips of a young Yorkshireman. He had been to call upon a person whom he did not find at home, and coming suddenly back, said to his friend,—

“They’s no pessen i’ t’ hoos,” literally translated, “There’s no person in the house.” The gentleman looked at the speaker, and gravely inquired, “Pray what countryman is this; I have travelled all over Europe and America, but do not at all recognize *the language*.”

Our friend Barney, or rather “Thomas the

man-servant," was accordingly as much puzzled to comprehend the questions of Miss Nancy Pearson, when, on descending from the carriage, with all her fears, and some of her wits about her, she began to vociferate for the delivery of her luggage, in the full persuasion that nothing but the most powerful vigilance could extract it from the hands of the coachman.

Having succeeded in procuring a "rank and file" arrangement of the trunks, bundles, and bonnet-boxes, containing her wardrobe, with that of her sister, to accommodate the remnants of which, uncle John's saddle-bags, of fifty years old, were enlisted, and made their first essay in travelling; she looked round for their convoy; and the guard having descended from his throne, and being the only person able to understand her, she asked him—

"Weere's t' sarvant lad?"

"Agh seere agh naw n't," was the reply of the native, and meaning, "I'm sure I do not know."

Barney's natural intellect led him here to protrude himself: he knew he was come in quest of two elderly young ladies, who lived a long, long way from London; and Barney included every place beyond his own ken, under the convenient denomination "Abroad." He therefore was not

surprized that cousin Nancy's English should prove somewhat deficient, and accordingly endeavoured, by shouting, to render his own sentences more easy of comprehension to the lady.

"Awe! ar' you t' sarvent? well, which is t' way?"

"Miss Jones desired I'd get a coach, Ma'am, when you'd have your luggage all ready."

"Awe, aye, there's more than you can carry, agh reckon; bud cum here, me mann. Ask t' coachman what he'll charge before you put t' boxes in, or else we shall hev' a faan penny to pay, agh guess."

"Oh! no fear, Miss, there's a reg'lar fare."

"A fair! an' can't we go round? Mun we go through 't, whether or naw. Awe, Betsey! t' lad says we mun gang through t' fair! Awe, dearee me, agh wish uncle John was here: we shall be robbed and murdered, be werselves, to mak t' least on't. Is it Bartelmy Fair, yon?"

"Ma'am?"

"Well, agh do say, cuzzen James mite a cum to meet uz. Agh nivver was in a fair bud once, and then agh skreeked for fright at t' moonte-banks. Awe, Betsey, what shall we do, bairn?"

"Nay, agh naw n't, agh seere, Nancy, lass!

Agh's all ower of a diddher\*, at t' bare thowts on't."

By this time Barney, in despair of coming to any thing like an understanding with the "foreign ladies," had called up a coach, into which he was busily stowing their goods and chattels, when—

"Agh say, lad! what's te boun' to deye noo?" burst from the alarmed Nancy, who, determined at all hazards to share the fate of her property, jumped into the coach. Betsey instinctively followed. Barney gladly shut the door, mounted the box, and during the drive to Montague Place, the sisters cogitated and speculated on the probable, possible, and inevitable demand to be made on their purse, by reason of this extra ride. In turning out of Russell Square, the words "Montague Place" met the eye of Nancy, who drew comfort from the certainty of their at least not having been beguiled into the dangers of Wapping, a dread that had oppressed her during the whole time of her progress from Islington.

On the opening of the door, the Misses Jones appeared under the hall lamp: to have

\* Diddher—tremble.

proceeded nearer to the entrance would not have been in good taste. They had decided on saluting their visitors with entire cordiality, but their intended kisses were cooling on their lips, while Nancy and Betsey Pearson attempted an expostulation with their driver, fast approaching to a squabble, when Miss Julia prevailed on herself to advance three steps, and stretching out her long neck to the extent of three more, cried—"Pray, come in, my dears, 'Thomas, the man-servant,' will settle all that for you."

"Well, cuzzen, we're cum. Awe, bud we've hed a weary ride, agh'll assure you," was the opening speech of cousin Nancy.

The Jones's did accomplish a sentence almost articulately, of words comprizing pleasure—happy—to see you, &c. They were women of uncommon presence of mind, and had determined to be amiable. The travellers were consigned to the before-named spare room, where they were exhorted to apply themselves to the refreshment of the toilet in the half hour preceding dinner-time, for which purpose (professedly) the sisters left them; but, in reality, to recover from the dismay caused by the very grotesque appearance of their cousins, the Pearsons.



“Did she say dinner, Betsey, at this taam o’ day? Agh’s just deein’ for a dish o’ tea. However, we’ll say nowt. Agh was glad you did n’t say we took a check o’ dinner at Stilton. Dress, too! Agh wondher if there’s cumpany, and what they ’ll expect uz te put on.”

“Agh seere agh naw n’t.”

This was the customary answer of Miss Betsey Pearson, to the various *wonderings* of her elder sister.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*The Bazaar.*

“ARE our cousins arrived?” was the inquiry of Mr. James Jones, on entering the drawing-room, where he found only his sisters, whose united reply, if reply it could be called, amounted to no more than—

“Oh, James!”

“Ah, James!”

Even the loquacious Grizzle, for once was silenced; and her apparently inexhaustible fund of good nature proved insufficient to blind her to the awful task she had undertaken.

“I see, I see,” said Mr. James Jones. “Well, Grizzle! it is your own affair, so make what you can of it. But where are the natives? Dressing, I suppose.”

“We shall have dinner some time this evening, I fancy,” said Miss Julia; “though we need not expect it then, if we are to wait till the Miss Pearsons are humanized! Such a pair! in dark bottle green—*habits*, they would have been,

only that they scarcely reached the tops of their leather boots."

"Most likely they have grown taller since the habits were made, or the cloth may have shrunk, you know, Julia; it does sometimes, even in London. But I will go and summon them. Perhaps they are tired, and have lain down."

"Cousin Pearsons tired, Grizzle! Oh! you have much yet to learn."

Grizzle's gentle tap at the door of the spare room, was received by an eager "Cum in;" and, on entering, she found no progress had been made beyond that of taking off the objectionable habits.

"Aw, aghm saw glad you've cum upp, cuzzin Grizzle. Betsey and me was just wondering what we'd better put on, for agh thowt, as you mentioned dressing, there must be cumpany, so, may be, we'd better put wer low topps on."

"Whatever you please, my dears," their cousin replied, being quite unable to guess the meaning of *topps*, which she afterwards understood to constitute the distinction between revealing, or otherwise, the scraggy necks of the Misses Pearson.

"We expect no company to-day, so that you need take no remarkable pains with your toilet.

In fact, the more speedy you can make it, the better, as my brother James is come in, and I believe dinner is quite ready."

"Aw, then, tak oot wer brown high topps, Betsey, wite's se cauld, and the browns are laaned, you knaw. We'll be doone just noo, cuzzen Grizzle."

In little more than half an hour, the "brown high tops" were assumed. The Misses Pearson invariably dressing alike, and the choice of their garments resting solely with Miss Nancy, who gave great part of her time, and nearly all her thoughts, to this important subject, thus rendering it unnecessary for her sister to do any thing more than consult the decision of the elder one.

"Thomas, the man-servant," shortly after announced dinner; and Mr. James Jones, approaching Miss Nancy Pearson, (rather unceremoniously, as she felt,) linked her arm within his, and descended the staircase. She stared at the young man; but having previously resolved to be surprized at nothing, she submitted quietly to his guidance, believing it intended as a compliment on her arrival, as it was a piece of gallantry the Swaledale farmers had not acquired the practice of.

"You call this dinner," observed Miss Betsey,

“bud its more like oor supper taam; howiver, agh can't say it cums amiss to me, for all we've hed naw tea: bud its all use, agh expect. Cuzzen James used oftens to laff at uz, when he was i' Swaledale, for dining at twelve o'clock: agh can't think, for magh part, hoow he, or any body else, can fast till this taam a day.”

“Will you do me the favour?” interposed Mr. James Jones, grasping the white wine decanter, and fixing his eyes inquiringly on the damsel.

“Eagh?” proceeded from the lips of Miss Nancy.

“You will take a glass of wine with my brother,” explained Miss Jones.

“Aw! naw, thank you, cuzzen Grizzle, that's cuzzen James, agh'd as lief heve a sup o' beer, or ayel, or ouwt o' that sort.”

“I am sorry to say we have no malt liquor in the house. It is seldom drank in London.”

“Aye! why, niver heed, cuzzen Joolia, then agh'll heve sum waane, if its nut curran waan, bud that allis disagrees we' maa boowels.”

“You will find that sherry pretty good, I hope,” said Miss Julia Jones, drawing up her long throat to its utmost length.

“Ay! its niceish tipple enuff,” observed the

novice, sipping repeatedly of the almost, to her, unknown beverage. "Bud is it strong? for agh's easily fuddled."

"We will ring for the remove. You need not wait, Thomas."

"Agh seere, cuzzen James, agh thank you for that move; agh cudden have eat a bit waal t' man was in t' room, yan feels si stated."

"Let me recommend a little liquer after your salmon, Miss Pearson," said Miss Jones, filling a small glass from a bottle placed at her side.

The former received, and emptied the proffered glass, remarking—

"Saw! you've been making mint wather too, cuzzen Grizzle, bud your's is nut se strong o' the mint as oors; may be, mint's scarceish in Lundun."

"That is marischino, you have been drinking. Pray, what *is* mint water?"

"Law, Nancy! only to think of cuzzen Joolia nut knowing what peppermint is; we oft' tack it at howam; we mak' it werselves, and it tastes a deal like this, bud nut si sweet," she continued; "and agh'll tell you hoo to mak it. Tak a good handful of mint, and bruize it well, put sum wather to 't, and bottle 't. We mak it iverry

year, for its awkkard to have nothing in t' hoos when peepel calls."

"Oh! my choice marischino," thought Miss Jones, "what an unworthy palate hast thou been lavished on! Was there ever such a pair of unproduceable creatures. They have not sense enough even to keep their mouths shut. Whatever shall we do with them?"

The next day, however, she felt it absolutely requisite to commence doing the honours; and tremblingly requested to know, what were the principal objects of their curiosity in London.

"Why, Nancy wants te see St. Pauls, and agh 've ra-ther a wish to see t' wild beasts at t' Tower, for a pessen agh naw said 'at it was *quiet* safe, and wonderful curious. Agh wouldn't maand going to t' play, just for once, te say we'd been there; bud t' shop windows is what pleases me best, and you can see them for nothing, you know."

"Parade them through Oxford Street at once, before a soul is stirring, was the advice (aside) of Miss Julia Jones to her sister, producing a proposed walk to "see the town a little."

"Ay, we 'll put wer things on; bud what? wer habits 'll be ower warm to walk in."

“Oh! shawls, shawls, by all means; no one walks in a habit.”

“Law! we most oft’ walks in them in Swaledale; they ’re nice and short, and keep yau oot o’ t’ mud.”

“This is Oxford Street; plenty of shops here, you see.”

“Odds boddikins! bud its a rare length, that’s what it is,” exclaimed, in spite of herself, Miss Pearson.

“Look here, Betsey, lass; here’s a window all full of lace, and all t’ prices pricked on ’em,—two-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence; that can’t be dear, howiver; and here’s a chany dish full of ribbons, and it says, ‘All these remnants at fivepence a yard.’ They can’t be dear; can they, cuzzen Grizzle? Gosh! agh ’ve a good maand te buy sum. What say’st, Betsey, bairn?”

“Eagh! agh naw n’t: lets look further on. Here’s another shop, may be they ’re cheaper, here. One-and-ninepence; eagh, bud that’s grand and broad!”

“Aye, bud its nut so faan as that i’ tother shop. Cum yer ways back, lass. Look here, cuzzen Grizzle, which do yau think’s t’ cheapest?”

“I never buy any thing in ticketed shops



myself," replied Miss Jones. "If you wish to make any purchases, I will take you to a house in Regent Street, where I deal constantly."

"Heavens, Grizzle! you never could think of producing them at Howell and James's."

"Dear me! I quite forgot; so I did, Julia; I am so accustomed to recommend every one to go there. Never mind, it is so early in the day, there *can* be no one there."

"What's t' name of t' shop, cuzzen?"

"Howell and James's, the most fashionable in town."

"Aw, then, we're like to go there, cuzzen."

"You would be cozened any where else," remarked Miss Jones, who sometimes indulged in a little playful expression of this nature; and now ventured it, in the vain hope of sweetening her sister's aspect. It was, unfortunately, like most of Miss Jones's observations, about as ill-judged as it was well-meaning, and the frowns gathered perceptibly on Julia's never open brow, as they progressed through their painful pilgrimage of Oxford Street, which the Pearsons insisted on traversing to the very Park; then crossing over, they commenced an equally careful and tedious examination of every window on the opposite side, pleasantly urging, that as they did

not particularly want to buy any thing, they could go to cousin Grizzle's shop some other day; doubting, at the same time, if it could surpass what they at present saw.

Four hours is a moderate allowance of time for a thorough inspection of the wonders of Oxford Street to a country cousin. Indeed, it is only by the continual remark, "We shall see better things farther on," that it can be performed in that time. If it were possible to exert so much good nature and patience, as to be a silent attendant, the tour would end only with daylight. Nay, not even then; for gas, with all its charms, succeeds so instantaneously, and, to country eyes, so magically, that the scene becomes quite new, and even more attractive.

"I really should like to shew them the Bazaar, Julia: we are so near, and it is not two o'clock. I declare I am fagged to death with crawling along this endless street: we might sit down and rest, while they look about and amuse themselves; for really, I believe, as brother James says, 'they will never tire.'"

"It will be horrid if we should meet any one we know there."

"Oh! no chance of it; it wants a quarter to two; and, besides, I positively can walk no

farther, and one would not like to be seen in a hackney coach. I declare, I am very sorry hacks are gone out; for, after all, they are a great convenience, particularly to such as do not keep carriages of their own; and some of them, I am sure, are not so very dirty,—before any one is out,—I mean, before two o'clock. I do think it a pity one cannot avail oneself—”

“I am not going to enter a hackney coach, if you mean that, Grizzle,” said her sister snappishly.

“Well, then, there is only the Bazaar for it. Sit down I must.”

This grand emporium was entered; and the resolution of the Pearsons was not proof against the astonishment inseparable from the first view of the scene there displayed. Their exclamations, Julia foresaw, would soon draw a crowd around them, so she kindly pointed to their observation two chairs, at the end of a long room, whereshe said herself and sister would await them; Grizzle kindly adding, they were free to range from room to room, up-stairs, and down-stairs, to look at, even to touch, every thing; to ask the prices of all, yet to buy nothing; for, as she justly remarked, “the most fashionable people regularly get rid of an hour in that way, whenever

they happen to have nothing else to do, so that one never feels the least ashamed of doing the same."

The sisters had not long remained in their retreat, before they heard peals of laughter in the room adjoining their place of refuge; they saw a rush of persons ascend the staircase: they rejoiced that the Bazaar seemed less crowded than usual. Poor things! they as yet remained in peaceful ignorance that the tide of loungers, though, perhaps, they might not be of the most refined class, were irresistibly impelled to swell the accompanying train of the Misses Pearson, whose unlimited and loud delight, now that they felt relieved from any restraint imposed by the presence of the Jones's, attracted every eye and every ear. Then there was a short pause, for the scene had removed to the upper rooms. Grizzle was beginning to feel refreshed; and gazing up at a small arched gallery, which overlooked the room where she sat, she pointed out to her sister's attention some turbans exhibited therein, declaring they really seemed rather stylish at a distance, and wondering if they might bear a nearer inspection. She rather wanted something of the kind, and they must be cheap at the Bazaar, she was sure. Her specu-

lations were as abruptly as unpleasantly checked, by the sudden projection of Miss Pearson's head between the two turbans on which her regard was fixed. At the same moment her suffering ears received the following words, screamed in the loudest tone, by the astonished Swaledaleian.

“Eagh! Nancy, bairn, cum here; is n't yon cuzzen Grizzle, and cuzzen Joolia, there, by t' fire saad?”

“Weere, Betsey?”

“Why, there, lass, by t' fire; there, cuzzen Grizzle's looking up. Here we are, cuzzen Grizzle! She can't see uz, its magh belief. Cuzzen! cuzzen Grizzle!” she repeated, as she thrust her head still farther through the opening she had made, and continued nodding to the horrorstruck Jones's. “Haw! haw! haw! Nancy, lass! issent it for all t' warld like Jack in a box? Aw, there,—noo, they see uz. Here we are, cuzzen Jones, bud we han't seen hawf yet; we'll be doon enoo.”

“Whatever is to become of us? We shall be hooted home; that's the very least I expect. Good gracious! I should be thankful of even a hackney coach to creep into. Do you see what a mob is following them?”

“I declare I wish we *had* a coach, or any thing in the world to take us home in. Do, Julia, go and try if you can send one of the porters for a coach; any thing is better than walking home with these Goths, and a crowd at our heels.”

A despised, and, truth to say, a despiseable hack was procured, into which the assembled ladies made their way, through a large concourse of spectators, who had, rather rudely, pressed to witness the interview of the four cousins, and still more rudely attended them to their very exit from the Bazaar; so that all who had ears, might hear the directions given by the porter, to drive to “Montague Place.”

“Where is Julia?” inquired Mr. James Jones. “I have hastened home sooner than usual, in hopes of inducing her, for once, to go out without a glass coach. I had the offer of a private box for Covent Garden to-night, and thought it too good an opportunity to be neglected, of taking these girls to the theatre. Of course, they must go to both houses, and it would be impossible to do so, except under the power thus given us, of locking out all but our own party.”

“Julia is gone to bed with a severe head ache:

not in a very good humour, either. I do not think she will ever be prevailed on to go out with them again; and, for my part, I am so completely fagged out with this morning's expedition, and Julia's ill temper in consequence of it, that I am almost ready to follow her example; only, of course, now they are here, we must make the best of it; and, as you say, James, they will expect to be taken about a little—What is the play? I suppose it is the Sumner's box. How kind of them. I hope they have not heard of our visitors, and will think it necessary to call. By the bye, we ought to have them to dinner soon; but *that* is out of the question *now*. How is old Sumner? I should have called to-day; indeed, I *ought* to have done so; but, oh! James, you can have no conception of what we have gone through with them this morning. Four hours in Oxford Street, poring into every shop window as if it had been a Museum; which, to be sure, is quite natural too, you know, as I said to Julia, never having seen any thing equal to it before; and I should not have minded the fatigue the least in the world, only that I was on thorns lest any one we knew should see us; and indeed, I am pretty sure, (but I said nothing to Julia, of course,)

I am pretty sure the Martin's, passed us as we stood staring into Dawes's fruit shop, at the moment Nancy Pearson was inquiring, 'if that was not Mrs. Salmon's wax work?' That, however, was nothing to the scene at the Bazaar. I am sure, now I think of it, I am quite glad Julia was so angry: only for the fright she put me in, I really *must* have fainted. However, we got into a hackney coach, and —"

"Julia into a hackney coach! and in daylight?"

"Oh! I believe she would have jumped into a coal wagon, or any thing by way of escape; which was natural enough, when one considers how she dislikes being annoyed in any way; and I dare say, by to-morrow, when her anger wears itself out, she will be better tempered: she often is, you know, James. So, as she is in bed, and all that, it would be a pity, as you say—and when I have had some dinner, I shall feel better, no doubt. Besides— Oh! here they come. Well, girls, what say you to going to the Play to-night?"

"What, noo, cuzzen?"

"Not now, exactly, but after dinner."

"Aw dear, agh dawn't naw. What, te nite?"

"Yes, James has obtained a private box for us, so we are sure of good places."



“Aw, bud, agh’d naw thowts of going te nite.”

“Never mind that; there’s plenty of time now, if it requires to be thought of beforehand.”

“Aye, bud; deare mee, agh’d naw thowts, had you, Nancy, and we’re nut dressed. Hadn’t we better go some other time?”

“We might not have the same privilege another night; and, in regard of dress, no one thinks of dressing for the theatre; a slouch bonnet is the most stylish thing you can go in.”

“Nut dress to gang to t’ play; why, what i’ naem o’ goodness should yan dress for then? Agh niver hard tell o’ syke a thing. Agh niver was at t’ play myself, bud a pessen told me, ‘at went once to t’ Theatre Royal, at York, ‘at there was nowt less than turbums, and feathers, and t’ ladies necks as bare as t’ back o’ yer hand.”

“That must have been some time ago, I imagine. There is nothing of the sort practised now, I assure you. By the bye, James, our new man-servant has never been to a London theatre, I understand, and I promised he should go on the first opportunity: suppose we send him into the pit; he may be useful in calling a coach for us at coming away.”

“Well, cuzzen, agh suppaws you know best,

but it seems saw queer to gang to t' play in syke a minute!"

The fact was, "the foreign ladies," as Barney styled them, had certainly speculated on the probability of this species of amusement being offered to them; but, conscious it would form a remarkable era in their lives, they very reluctantly believed that it was a matter to be achieved upon less than three days previous expectation. To go without expressly dressing for the purpose, too, and without cousin Julia, was an arrangement they found difficult of comprehension.

To Covent Garden they went, and much to Miss Jones's self-gratulation, saw no one they knew, and succeeded in slipping quietly in and out of the theatre, without encountering either obstacle or adventure of any kind.

## CHAPTER XV.

*A Tragedy*

NOT so unfruitful in events was the first visit of Barney Mahoney to the pit of Covent Garden Theatre. In the first place, he happened to be seated next the ex-butler of the Temples, who, being as knowing a man as any about town, was extremely useful in explaining to his old fellow-servant much that he saw, and all that he did not understand.

“Death alive! Mither Sc̄rew, what’s this goin’ on now? Oh! murther, murther, see that big blagguard how terrible he looks at de iligant lady there in de green an’ gowld, an’ she cryin’ fit to brake de heart on her. Ah! the cruel villyan, bud I wish I was at him.”

“Its all right, Barney, my lad. Its a tragedy, ye see. It would be no how at all if all the females warnt made to cry, and the men to get into furious passions. I don’t know if there’s killing in this play, but sometimes you’ll see ‘em give one another sich whacks,—but its all in their

parts, you see. I seen a play once, *that* was a tragedy too, where a lady comes on and goes to bed —”

“What, afore all de company! Oh, my, that bates all!”

“Aye, does she, and makes a pretence of going to sleep; ('cause its in her part, you see;) and then her husband comes on, and talks a bit, and pretends he's mortal vexed, (its in *his* part that,) and he takes up a pillow, and smothers her with it.”

“He doant, shoore.”

“Oh! be hanged if he don't though,—and a pretty creature she was,—and all about a pocket handkicher, by what I could make out.”

“Oh! murthex an' turf! there's a handsome lady now come on. What's she, Mither Screw? Eh! then, may be that issent a purty little straw hat at the back of her head. Shoore, now, an' doesn't it shew off her complexion all to pieces?”

“She's what they calls the *rival*, I take it, to she in the green and gold. They both wants the same man, by the looks on't. I should n't wonder but one on 'em gets killed afore alls done.”

Matters went on towards the fifth act, and a crisis; poor Barney's were feelings often too strongly

excited to be mastered, except by the attentive observance of his companion, who again and again reminded him, it was merely "what was set down for them." At length, however, one of the "ilgant ladies" threw herself, in apparent agitation, at the feet of a fierce-looking, black-whiskered cavalier, who, spurning the hand she would have grasped his hand in, she fell prostrate on the stage.

"Oh! de thief o' de worrold! de hard-hearted, black-looking robber! Shoore, if he hasn't kilt an' smashed de poore girl now, an' she beggin' pardin that same time! Be de powers, Misther Screw, they may talk o' savages, and wild Irish; bud be this, an' be that, I'd like to know what these is, settin' quiet by, an' seen a man misuse a purty cratur like that. Och! I'll be goin', Misther Screw; I can't stand any more, so I can't."

"Hold your tongue, you spooney; its all in their parts, I tell you. She ain't a bit hurt: you'll see her on her feet again, just now, and singing, may be, like any nightingale."

"Ah! no, Misther Screw! Look there, now. Look at them two futmen laying howlt on her, an' liftin' her body off as it might be a dead dog. Oh! an' see at her purty head hung a one side.

Its her neck he's broke, de murtherin' villyan, an' all her iligant hair sthramin' down to de floor. Oh! ubbaboo! ullagone!"

"Be quiet, I tell you, afore we get turned out; she's no more killed than you are, I say; and as for her hair—bless your innocent soul—its nothink in life but a wig. If you was near enough, you'd see its tied under her chin, for fear of coming off in the scuffle. Come, the play is over now. We shall have some fun now: the pantomime will come next."

When the curtain drew up, a young lad was discovered sleeping at the foot of a mile stone, while, by a most admirable contrivance of scenery, a magnificent sun-rise took place, going through its paces with art and majesty more than sufficient to delight and astonish a spectator far more acquainted with stage effect than was our novice from Blackpool. His mouth remained wide open so long, that, when he would have spoken, to question his companion, his throat had become so parched, as to leave him no powers of utterance. So he contented himself with gazing, most intently, at the progress of the hero of the piece—no less a personage than Whittington himself, whose well-known story offered as rich a scope for the powers of pageantry to be exer-

cised upon, as any ever perhaps adapted to the stage: one, also, as gratifying to the beholders, as it was perfect in conception and execution. All things must end, however, and so did the pantomime. Soon after which, Barney recovered his breath, and, recollecting the directions of his master, hastened to attend at the spot appointed, taking a friendly leave of Mr. Screw, the ex-butler, who shook him kindly by the hand, protesting he was "a fine young chap," and that he should be glad to see him, at any opportunity, at a public house called the "Scapegoat," near Seven Dials, where, at present, his quarters were, being, as he expressed it, "out of commission;" consequently, a gentleman at large.

When Barney, the following morning, carried up the tea-urn, Miss Julia Jones addressed him with:

"So, Thomas, my sister was so good as to treat you to the play last night. How did you like it?"

"Eh! then, Miss! I'll niver forgit it, de longest day I have to live, so I won't: I seen what nobody would, or could, believe, widout seein' it, an' not then, may be."

"You must have believed what you saw with your own eyes, surely, Thomas?"

“ Oh ! I did, Miss. That is, I did *not*, for a frind o’ mine was by, an’ he tould me all their stabbin’ an’ shilleghlaing was nothin’ bud sham ; an’ even whin they’d drop dead, an’ be carried off neck an’ heels, its supper they was goin’ to most like—so there ! To be shoore, there *was* a deal too, that must ha’ been true, any way, for there was as iligant a sun riz’ as ever came out o’ de heavens, or de say ayther ! an’ that must ha’ bin rale, any how ; for there’s nayther man, woman, or child, nor not even Father Connor himself, could make a pertince sunrise an’ daylight, an’ all that, Miss.”

“ But did not this take place in the night time, Thomas ? How could that be ? ”

“ Not all on it, Miss. First, we’d a deal o’ love an’ murther, an’ scimmagin’, an’ a broken head or two, an’ I could a liked that, oney they kilt de girls, an’ that wint to me heart, so it did. Well ! one way an’ de other they kept on at this all night, that’s last night—no, night afore, Miss ; an’ then in de morning, just as it was beginning daylight, then they set to work to a new thing entirely. I doant remimber desactly how it was, nor all what they did, bud catchin’ mice they was, an’ all in sich iligant dresses ; an’ dancin’, an’ fidlin’, an’ marryin’,



(that's some on 'em,) an' so they kept on all day, 'till de middle o' last night again; an' if it had been a week I'd staid there, I never would have had a blink o' sleep in me eyes, so I wouldn't. Oh! I nivr 'll forgit it to de day o' judgment, an' beyant."

"What was the name of the play, Thomas?"

"'Twas a thragedy, Miss."

"Well, tragedy, then. Do you know what it was called?"

Barney paused, looked puzzled, and at length replied—

"'Twas Misthress Whittinton an' her *Chat*, Miss."

"Indeed! Now let us have breakfast, Thomas—"

"Thomas, the new man, seems to have been highly pleased with the theatre, Grizzle," she continued, as her sister at this moment appeared; "he fully believes he has passed a night and a day there. How were our uncouth cousins amused?"

"Poor Thomas. I am glad he enjoyed his treat. I like the lad, there seems so much heart about him. (If Miss Jones had omitted the two first letters of the word, she would have shewn stronger judgment in this case.) He is

so unlike the general run of London servants, that I am sure we shall find him quite a treasure."

"Humph! I hope it may prove so. But the Pearsons. Were their raptures very loudly expressed?"

"Why, I dare say they *were* greatly delighted; they must have been, you know, never having seen a theatre before. But they did not seem so much astonished as I expected, certainly, which was very likely owing to their having heard so much of it in the country. Still I was surprized they did not express more admiration, but perhaps their feelings were too powerful. Some people, you know, say least when they feel most, though I cannot say it appears natural to me; for if I am pleased, or vexed, or surprized, or any thing indeed, I think it is such a relief to one's mind to open it to any one. I am sure I do not know what I should do if it so happened I had no person to speak to. At the same time, it is not very probable I should be so circumstanced, for in London you —"

"But I want to know what these girls said. How they looked? at the pantomime, for instance."

“I do not remember they said any thing. Oh! yes,—and I was a little shocked, too,—only so glad you were not there, for I believe the party in the next box must have heard it. I asked Nancy how she liked the house: that was before the curtain drew up, you know, when one always looks round at the boxes and company, and all that, for I’m sure I consider it a very pretty sight, though we, you know, have seen it so often.”

“Well, and the savage said—what?”

“She said—‘Aye, its part large,’ (what now could she mean by *part* large? such a very odd expression. I forgot to ask James; perhaps he could explain it, having been in Yorkshire.) ‘Its part large,’ she said, ‘bud agh’m sey thirsty; there’s a lass doon there, wi’ a basket of *orangers*; I wish she’d cum upp here, for agh’s si dry.’”

“The wretch! That was before the performance began, however. What happened when the curtain rose.”

“They looked interested, I thought, at first; indeed, it would have been impossible to be otherwise; and, after that, they both yawned a good deal, which was odd too, I thought; but you know it *is* a rather long play, and then it is

so affecting, that, towards the end, I really was so absorbed I did not notice them. One hates to look at people when ones eyes are red and swollen; but I heard Betsey sigh several times; and, as soon as I felt my own features a little composed, I considered it would be but kind to sympathize with her, and indeed I imagined she might be even painfully distressed, you know, being unaccustomed to stage affairs, which really are often quite harrowing to ones feelings, and— Where was I? Oh! so I turned round to her, saying,—I fear, my dear, you are sadly disturbed by this scene; but remember, it is all fiction.”

“ ‘Agh naw n’t what ye call fiction,’ she answered; ‘bud agh naw agh’s just deein’ for a drink,’—only think how gross! I really *was* surprized; but I was glad, too, that you had not been vexed by hearing such a heartless speech; and certainly, it is just as well, if any one *can*, to avoid crying at a tragedy, for, after all, it does no good, and often gives you such a head ache the next day, particularly when a pantomime follows. I mean you look more silly, for you cannot help laughing, perhaps, and I am sure there’s little pleasure in laughing when

your eyes are aching, and your nose, perhaps, red, and all that. But what astonished me more than all the rest, was their impatience to get away. At least, so it appeared; though of course it must have been my mistake, somehow, for it would have been so very unnatural, you know. So I do not know what it could be, but every time the curtain fell, they jumped up, saying—‘Now is it over, cuzzen?’ and looked so disappointed at sitting down again. At the same time, I recollect, the first time I was there, I thought the same, only I was sorry when it really was done; and instead of which, they appeared, if any thing, to rejoice. I should like to know, however, what opinion they will pass this morning. So pray do you question them at breakfast.”

If Miss Julia Jones had possessed the power of “calling spirits from the vasty deep,” she might have fathomed the thoughts, if thoughts they had, of the Misses Pearson. All *her* efforts were vain. The most stingy returns of monosyllabic replies were all she could extract from either damsel; and not chancing to be highly gifted with patience, she relinquished the task to her brother James, who, having abstained

from questions in public, dreading the loudness and incongruity of the answers he might draw forth, and considering the obscurity of the little back parlour, (or, as it was styled, the breakfast room,) of Montague Place, a safer position, he politely "hoped, they felt no ill effects from their dissipation;" and still farther hoped, they had been gratified by what "they had seen."

"Aye, agh'm glad we've been, it 'll be some'at to talk on i' Swaledale."

"You must have found the theatre more large and splendid than you had calculated upon?"

"Aye, its a huge spot, bud agh reckon there's more folks here than there is i' Yorkshire."

"The scenery is magnificent."

"Aye! t' hoos is rare and faan; bud t' music dung through magh heead saw, agh was fain ti get out."

"What thought you of our far-famed tragic actress?"

"Her in t' green, or t' other wi' a hat on."

"Oh, no; those were mere accessaries. The heroine was in white and silver."

"Aw, aye, there was one, agh maand noo,

'at went rampawging aboot, and shooted, and seemed quite i' grief about sommut, agh naw n't what, nut agh. Hev' you browt doon magh nettin', Betsey, lass?" she continued, turning to her sister, "for agh reckon cuzzen Jones's wawn't want to be thralin' t' streets t' morn, sae agh'll git a bit o' wark dun."

Now this really was too bad, Miss Jones *thought*, and Miss Julia Jones hesitated not to *say*, after the martyrdom they had sustained in their never-to-be-forgotten perambulation of the previous day; she nevertheless profited by their resolution of remaining at home, and paid a few visits, at which she was most happy to be excused from their attendance.

Miss Jones had always fifty notes to write; apologies, invitations, inquiries after colds, ladies and their babies, and a thousand important trifles of this nature, which filled up all her leisure time; and to this occupation she applied herself, whilst Miss Nancy Pearson commenced operations on a long, narrow strip of weather-stained netting, destined, at some future time, as she informed her cousin, to be plaited on her cap, and with the laudable purpose of leading a credulous world to receive it as lace.

'It seems an endless undertaking,' said

Miss Jones. "Do you not find it very tedious?"

"Why, aye! it takes part taam," was the complacent reply.

"And of what use can it possibly be, after all?"

"Nay, nut much; bud wnat! one's like to do sommut, you naw."

After some time spent in this manner, it occurred to the hospitable recollection of Miss Jones, that she had been deficient in catering for the amusement of her other guest, who had been so long absent from the parlor, that she found it incumbent on her manners to go in search of her. In the spare room she found Miss Betsey Pearson seated, and, with a melancholy aspect, gazing on the square allowance of sky to be commanded from the situation she had chosen.

"What is the matter, Betsey, my dear? You do not look well."

"Aw, agh'm well enuff, thank you, cuzzen Grizzle."

"You must be dull here, alone: let me prevail on you to come down stairs; or, if you feel indisposed, tell me if there is any thing I can offer you. I am sure you are in pain, my dear."



“Naw, cuzzen, agh'm nut; agh was only thinking —”

“Ah! I was sure there was something amiss, you looked so anxious and unhappy. I do not wish, my dear, to pry impertinently into the subject of your distress; but, if there is any thing *I* could do to alleviate, for, as I often say to Julia, though the world has always gone smoothly with us, that is no reason why we should refuse to sympathize in the griefs of others. I am sure there are few women so fortunate as we are, and in most families there will occur something or other unpleasant. So that one ought never to feel too confident in one's own security; but perhaps, my dear, your sister would be a fitter person to comfort you. Shall I ask her to come to you?”

“Aw, nay; it 'll do presently, agh expect. Agh was only thinking —”

“Yes, my dear,—very true; but if you will listen to advice from an older head than your own, (for I am older by five years, I think I have heard my mother say,) and, indeed, I am never ashamed, for my part, of owing to my age; every one cannot be young, you know, at least *always* young. But what I was going to observe, my dear cousin, is that I do think it

a wrong thing to give way to melancholy, and seclude yourself in this manner, refusing to open your heart to your own sister. Surely, if there be any one to whom one's thoughts may safely —

“Lord sake, cuzzen! what a fuss about nowt. Agh was only thinking agh wondthered what we wer te put on te day.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

*The Siege.*

OUR friend and favorite, Tom Barton, must not be quite neglected, even in consideration of the cousins Pearson. He calls more especially for both notice and congratulation, since matters have proceeded so rapidly and smoothly in Finsbury Square, that nothing but the furnishing of a house, and the preparing of wedding finery, delays his marriage with Miss Stapleton. The course of this, (although a love match it might be called, waving the absence of poverty,) was so unruffled, as to bear along with its gentle current the very lawyers. No delays were practised; no difficulties started, to perplex or alarm the lovers. Fanny had not even to experience the pang of quitting a parent's wing, for her house was taken within three doors of that in which she had been born, educated, and had spent her harmless life, and where her parents were still to reside. Notwithstanding her own unclouded prospects, Fanny did not forget the attachment (for such

she was deceived into believing it) of the two elder daughters of Mrs. Temple; neither had she ceased to feel grateful, for the attentions of both mother and daughters to her during her visit to Hastings.

She requested that she might be permitted to invite Jane and Maria Temple to stay in Finsbury Square for the six weeks previous to her marriage. The proposal was readily assented to by Mrs. Stapleton, and was grasped with avidity by Mrs. Temple, whose husband firmly persisted in declaring, that they could not occupy their town house until his affairs were in a far more flourishing condition than they had been since the last *extravagant* and *expensive* season. To put an end to all hope on the subject, he let the house in South Audley Street for three years, and listened immoveably to the repinings of Mrs. Temple, and her prediction of the utter ruin of every complexion in the family before the period of their exile should expire.

The two girls, under these circumstances, were gladly dispatched to town, and exhorted to leave no pains untried to secure, if not the young Stapletons, almost any other match. "Nay, if old Barton himself should take matrimony into his head," added Mrs. Temple,

“remember, he is not to be refused. He is a horrid savage, to be sure, but he cannot live for ever ; and if he does dine at three o'clock, still, girls, a table of *your own* would be something gained, if even, it *were* in the city.”

“I never saw the city, but it cannot be so odious as Fenny Hollows,” was the filial reply of Miss Temple.

“And you may be very certain we shall do our best, mama, for you cannot be more anxious on the subject than ourselves,” added Miss Maria.

“Very well, then, my dears. All is as it should be.”

“And Mrs. Temple, my dear,” said her husband, “I wish, before the girls go, you would give Maria a hint to try and break herself of that conceited trick she has adopted lately, of tossing her head about. I expect it to end in St. Vitus’s dance.”

“My dear, it is not conceit, I assure you : she is ‘only trying to get a manner.’ No, no, my girls have no affectation about them, at all events. As I said to Mr. Deacon on Sunday evening :—‘ Few persons, Mr. Deacon, give my girls credit for any thing more solid than accomplishments : indeed, it is only a mother who

*can* duly appreciate their more useful qualities. A mother, Mr. Deacon, who has devoted her care to the cultivation, not only of those outward graces we all admire, but has also, if I may say it without vanity, laboured to render them fit to superintend, with judgment and economy, a limited household, should it be so ordained that they are to marry men of narrow income.' He is a stupid young man, I think, that Mr. Deacon. He actually said, he 'did not know of any single men in the county, and feared my care had been thrown away.' Its a very ridiculous thing, by the bye, his mother living with him: there's no making any thing, of even a poor curate, unless he has a solitary, comfortless home."

The Misses Temple resolved to recommence their attack upon the young Stapletons; but, to their dismay, they were informed that the elder son was gone to Rotterdam on mercantile affairs, and that Charles was, alternately, grouse shooting and flirting in the North, where he was on a visit to some College friends, whose *charming, amiable, and accomplished* sisters, were the subject of all his letters, appearing to be quite irresistible, and only perplexing to the tender-hearted youth, by reason of their multiplicity. It was regularly a

subject of speculation with Fanny before opening his letters—"Now! which will be the reigning deity of the hour? It was Anna, I think, the adorable Anna, whose praises filled his last dispatch. Poor Anna! her day of power is over, I suspect; I see the name of Matilda occurs most abundantly. How very amusing Charles is with his loves!"

"Do you think he is really attached to any of these Miss Annendales?" inquired Miss Temple.

"Oh! no doubt of it! To all of them in turn. Charles could not exist without a goddess to adore."

"Yes: but I mean—Do you suppose he will marry one of them?"

"Oh, no! At least, I do not consider it likely. Charles is so changeable, and so violent in his devoirs, that I doubt if even a residence in the house of his mistress would bring him to a proposal; that is, unless she were the only female within twenty miles of him."

"When do you expect him home?"

"He will be here in about a fortnight, I believe, but only for a day. He comes to take leave of me, and to rest one night before he sets out for the continent, where he intends travelling for six or eight months."

“ Oh !” said Miss Temple.

“ There’s no chance in that quarter, then,” *thought* her sister; and, on their next confidential discussion, the sisters agreed, that although Finsbury Square was decidedly more agreeable than the fens of Lincolnshire, still that they did not find any great choice of young men about the house. Perhaps it was owing to the approaching marriage; they *really thought*, however, that Mrs. Stapleton *might*, in consideration for them, call a few dangles round them: It would be *too* dreadful to return to Fenny Hollows with unaltered prospects! Old Barton himself would be preferable to such an alternative.”

Mrs. Stapleton, good woman, was utterly unconscious of her *duties* in this particular. She had felt no necessity of manœuvring, in the simple office of establishing an only daughter with an ample fortune; and, although she had occasionally beguiled half an hour in the perusal of some of those fashionable novels, where the arts of “mothers and daughters” are vividly pourtrayed, she was far too good natured, and vastly too matter-of-fact, to give the smallest credit to any thing, but what she believed to be the very lively imagination of the writers. The



Stapletons, too, persisted in the old-fashioned, and nearly obsolete custom of card playing,—an amusement not yet entirely exploded in the city! When a mother feels herself justified in devoting her attention to the game of whist, she becomes blind and deaf to whatever flirtations or matrimonial plots may be forming around or flourishing about her, and might just as well be at home and in bed, as thus inefficiently professing to “do chaperone.”

The Temples were annoyed, beyond patient endurance, at the carelessness of their interests, which they angrily assured each other, was most malicious, artificial, and cruel. The doctrine they had been all their lives accustomed to hear explained, and to see acted on, *could* not be unknown, even in the city; and they never would believe that even fat, easy Mrs. Stapleton, was so ignorant, as she pretended to be, of the whole and sole purpose of “going into society,” as they denominated the profession of man-hunting. In this dearth of beaux, they resolved to commence a regular siege on old Barton, under a mutual agreement, that whichever was fortunate enough to effect a breach in the dry-salter’s citadel, should be aided and assisted in the assault by the unsuccessful besieger, who

should give up her individual pursuit and design upon a three o'clock dinner in Portsoken ward, and rest contented on the honourable understanding of her sister, to do the best she could for her advancement, when once she should become Mrs. Barton.

“As for Tom and Fanny, they are a vast deal too happy, or too busy, to take any notice of our proceedings. Mrs. Stapleton foresees nothing—but her dinner; so that if we have not the address to inveigle an old citizen, we must be simpletons indeed.”

Then,—“To cut out Mrs. Tom Barton, would be a great thing!”

In short, operations were commenced against the innocent old man; who, delighted with his son's success in the very quarter where he had wished him to prevail, and daily more attached to his intended daughter-in-law, was a very frequent visitor in Finsbury Square. It was seldom, to be sure, the Temples secured an open field to attack him in, for Fanny knew the testy temper of the old man, and failed not, by her presence and attentions, to cultivate his regard, and to civilize (as she felt conscious she had the power of doing,) his irritable disposition.

For some time the advances of the enemy

were cautious. They complimented him on looking so "remarkably well to-day," and wondered a little that the observation was received almost snappishly. Fanny explained to them, that Mr. Barton, though *never ill*, wished always to be thought so, and could not, with any patience, endure to be congratulated on the subject of his health. "So that, my dear girls," she added, "if you wish to conciliate him, (and I know it is an amiable feeling towards me which prompts your attentions towards him,) condole with him as much as you please, but never tell him he looks well."

"He is never ill! if you observe, Maria," said Miss Temple. "Good heavens! he will last for ever. I am sure I almost think—it quite seems desperation to attempt him."

"Remember Fenny Hollows! Besides, I have the greater hope, do you know, in his robust health. Those are the men that are cut off in a moment. Not that I could so patiently wait for that moment, as not to willingly allow *you* precedence with the crusty old curmudgeon. Let us try a different application to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and with it old Barton.

"Now do you go down first, Jane, and play your card. I will follow. It will have more

effect, and appear more natural, if we come singly to the combat."

"Ah! Mr. Barton!" said Miss Temple. "I *thought* it was your knock, and I could not help running to see how you were to-day. I fear but indifferently," she added, with commiseration in every look and tone. "You appear a little languid."

"No, Miss Temple—Miss Tem-Temple, I thank you—I thank you, Ma'am, but I'm never languid, Ma'am."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear it, my dear Sir; perhaps it was my fancy, and arose from your telling me you were not quite well yesterday."

"Not—not—not well yesterday, Ma'am, that must have been some impudence of Master—Master Tom's; I can t-t-tell you, Miss Temple, I was a d-d-devilish deal better yesterday than I am to-day."

Rather inopportunately entered Miss Maria Temple.

"My dear Mr. Barton! I am so glad you are come. I felt quite anxious to see you, for I thought you did not look *quite* the thing last night, and I feared you might not be well to-day."

"Why, z-z-z-zounds, Madam, do you want to frighten me out of my—out of my—out of my senses? Do you—do you—do you think, Miss

Maria, I can spare t-t-time, to be laid up in the gout, and my son Tom—my son Tom, here, going to be married—to be married in a fortnight? Gad zounds, I would not—not—not for a thousand pounds, but be in—in d-d-dancing trim, at T-T-Tom's wedding."

"Excuse me, I did not exactly apprehend a fit of the gout. That would indeed be mortifying, particularly at such a time as this. I merely apprehended a slight degree of indisposition, a little bilious attack, perhaps; which, by taking timely measures with—"

"Madam, I—I—I never am bilious; never was b-b-bilious in my life. I never have—never have any thing—any thing but the gout, and if I thought— Gad! ma'am, you've thrown me—thrown me into a fever at the bare mention of g-g-gout."

The ladies found themselves *at fault* again. Fanny pacified the terrified Mr. Barton; promising, moreover, that if such an accident should occur, she would wait his recovery; "but," she cheerfully added, "I do not intend you to have another fit until I have gained the privilege of nursing you; and, I am sure, the monster gout could not be so ungallant as to interfere with all our arrangements. So pray dismiss him from

your mind, and come with me into the new house. I hear the drawing-room carpets are put down, and I have been anxiously waiting your escort to go and inspect them."

"Ah! you are a—a dear—a dear little soul. A plague take those two—two croaking spinsters!" he continued, as they descended the stairs. "What business have they with my l-l-looks, I wonder."

Notwithstanding these two failures, the sisters did not abandon the siege. They felt the difficulties of the approach, and they began to fear the garrison to be too strong for them; still they ventured upon occasional flying skirmishes, whenever it so chanced the prize betrayed (or they fancied so,) a weak point. They praised the colour of the invariable snuff-brown suit: surely, that was safe ground! they thought. A man would never persist in attiring himself in the same dingy garb for ever, without some good, or fancied reasons for its adoption. Mr. Barton, however, began to suspect some sinister design was lurking under the amiable outwardness of the ladies. Tom was engaged. They could have no designs in that quarter.

"Was it possible they wanted himself?" Such things had been, he knew. Nay, he had

not lived a rich widower twenty years without having been exposed to attempts of a similar nature. The admiration of the particular, not to say peculiar tint of his garments, was suffered to fall to the ground. But when they proceeded the following day to declare their partiality towards the pungent weed he was in the habit of applying in huge quantities to his nostrils, requesting the favour of "one little pinch," he could no longer be blind to the truth. He had once been within an inch of capture by a wily widow, who approached under cover of his snuff-box; and his escape thus brought so forcibly to his recollection, produced a degree of alarm which impressed him with the absolute necessity of acting decisively in the business; he therefore turned fiercely upon the fair offender, vociferating—

By the law—by the law, and by all the snuff that ever was taken, Miss Temple, and p-p-perhaps that's stronger than the l-l-law, if there's—  
—if there's one—one thing—one thing in the whole world I hate above all others, it is—it is a—it is a snuff-taking y-y-young lady. Gad! Ma'am, I'd as soon—I'd as soon—I'd as soon—and my son Mr. Tom, there, will tell you the same, 'fore George! Miss Temple, I'd as soon sit down to dinner with a co-co-cock lobster!"

This was a decisive blow; it even shook the Temples, and they discovered they had no foundation for their building on a crusty old widower. They were not invited to extend their visit beyond the wedding-day; so, as they peevishly wrote to their mother—

“ Fenny Hollows, in all its hatefulness, ‘swamped before them,’ as Mrs. Stapleton had positively not given them the smallest chance; and, as for old Barton, he had proved himself to be a greater savage than any they had ever met with, even in Lincolnshire.”



## CHAPTER XVII.

*Conclusion.*

THE invitation of Mr. Screw to Barney had considerable temptations in the eyes of that youth. Barney had been accustomed to look up to the ex-butler as a person of wonderful sagacity and knowledge of the world. He was beginning to entertain some doubts on the eligibility of his service in Montague Place. The Jones's kept less company than he thought incumbent on "persons of professed gentility" to entertain; and Mr. Screw had elevated his eye-brows with a strong, and disagreeable expression of surprize, on discovering that Barney had placed himself in so plebeian a quarter of the town as the neighbourhood of Russell Square.

Barney's restless mind again became dissatisfied, and he determined to solicit the confidential advice of Mr. Screw on the subject of a change of abode.

The Jones's, Barney reflected, were objectionable on many points. Their highest attempts at

style fell far below even his ideas and experience. Their evening parties were unhonoured by as much as a baronet, or a "mi-lady." Their dinners were indifferent, and their general style of housekeeping only so-so. They considered it a respectable thing to sport a job equipage—per day; and, as has been shewn, were sometimes reduced to the alternative of employing a hackney coach. In short, a young man of certain expectations, was thrown away in so inferior a situation. Barney felt this, and resolved to disclose his sentiments to Mr. Screw.

His mistresses, and their unintelligible cousins, having gone into the city, for the purpose of securing seats for the latter in a conveyance to their native wilds, was an opportunity which Barney thought too good to lose, and accordingly he set out in quest of "Seven Dials,"—a spot he found with little difficulty; but perceiving no sign by which the house he required was evidenced, he accosted a mountain of mealy man, by profession a baker, and resembling in form and colour nothing so much as one of his own unbaked loaves.

With arms a-kimbo, his ample body filling up entirely the entrance to his shop, stood Mr. Dough; to whom, in his distress, Barney ap-

plied; and to his question, of "Pray, Sir, where 'ud I be findin' a place called de Scape Goat?" The man of meal answered, interrogatively—

"You ha'n't a got not sich a thing as never a looking-glass in your pocket; have ye, young man?"

"I have not, then," replied the youth. "What 'ud I do wid a lookin' glass in me pocket. Shoore, that same uddent be a convanient way o' carrin' furniture?"

"Hum! I was thinking, ye see, young gentleman, it might have stood ye in some stead, put in case you wanted to see the thing you mentioned; but perhaps you aint fond of advice, and had as lief go your own way. So, if that's the case, dy'e see them two postes' over the way there, a little lower down the street. There! just where that 'oman's a coming by with her barrow. Well, that's the place you wants, I take it. Its a public house as goes by that name; and if so be, as you've never a been there yet; why, its what I wouldn't say, but it may be as well for you to keep o' the outside on it."

"Why, has de house a bad carackter then?"

"I don't mean to go for to say not that I knows nothing not again the house, young man.

I'm not a man to run down my neighbours an' that. The house is a public house, and their beer's good beer enough, 'cause I drinks it every day. All as I say is, a young chap, like you seems to be, is, most times, as well, or better, outside of a hinn; but mind me, I'm not a coming for to go for to say not nothing again' the character of the house—but 'a nod's as good as a wink, may be, to a blind horse.' You seems a stranger in London?"

"Its not in this part on it I been livin', bud I been in London these twelve mont's, so I have. Shoore, I might know somethin' of id be this time?"

"Oh, may be so, may be so; I says nothing; I makes no remarks—"

"Its a frind o' me own I'm goin' to see, lives there at prisint, and —"

"Some servant out o' place, hey?"

"It meddunt be so long, bud he's that same at this prisint spakin'."

"Ay! ay! I thought as much. Its a rig-lar haunt for them gentry. I say, young man, put this in your pipe—Take you care," he whispered mysteriously in Barney's ear. "Take care he don't, while he's *out* o' place, put you *into* one

you would n't like, may be—that's all. I says nothing ; I makes no remarks."

Thus saying, and putting on his most sapient cast of countenance, the baker retreated within the sanctuary of his shop, thinking he had been sufficiently explicit to place the youth on his guard ; and, at the same time, judiciously careful to draw no blame on himself.

Barney proceeded, as directed, puzzled and pondering on what could, or might have been, the meaning of the mystifying man of meal ; and entering the public house, was immediately admitted to an audience of his friend, the ex-butler, the same affecting no greater privacy than the tap-room of the "Scape Goat" afforded him.

Although so early in the day, Mr. Screw was employed in dealing a pack of dingy cards on a table, the manifold porter stains of which proved it to be a member of general usefulness. Around it were seated four or five ill-looking, and worse-dressed fellows, some betting on the game, the others playing, and all were eagerly intent on the interesting preliminary process of Mr. Screw.

"Ah ! Barney, my boy !" exclaimed the latter, starting up to welcome our hero. "I'm glad to

see thee, lad ;—trying to while away the tedious hours, you see! Come, take a hand, all for love, and no betting,” he continued, as he winked knowingly at his companions, who apparently understood the hint, and making a speedy end of their game, left the two friends tête-à-tête.

Barney professed his concern at having broken up the party, and proceeded to lay his case and his difficulties, as he fancied them, before the consideration of the ex-butler.

“There’s sound sense in your argument, my lad,” said Mr. Screw, after having for some time pondered on the matter. “I would not, however, be hasty. Its a matter requires thought. I’m out myself, Barney, and can help you to nothing; but it may n’t be always so; and besides, I have friends in the same condition, and its odds but amongst us something will turn up for you. I must think it over, and when the club meets to-night, (we’ve what we calls a non-commissioned club, meets here every evening,) I’ll mention your case, and we’ll see what can be done for you. Its a sin a lad of your spirit should be thrown away among sich—half an’ half’s, as we calls them.”

“Half Sirs, it is, we calls ’em in my country,” returned Barney.

“Ha! ha! a very good name for them, upon my *say so*, and don't keep the seasons I'll engage, hey?”

“Keep which, Mистер Screw?”

“The seasons. Ah! I see you don't take. Don't know the meaning of keeping the seasons, hey. Well, my boy, live and learn. ‘Keeping the seasons,’ as we call it, that has been used to high families, is spending five months of the year in London, three months at some fashionable watering place, and the remaining four at the country estate. Now I'd lay my life these Jones's *have* no country house.

“They have not: bud I hard de cook say, they goes eight or ten miles out o' town mostly in de summer.”

“Aye, I thought so, *I thought* so. Take some miserable little hole of a cottage, I'll be sworn, with a green door, and a whitewashed wall; a garden big enough for three rose bushes, and a pond like a washing tub in front of the parlour window; a blacksmith's shop on one side, and a butcher's on the other. I see the style of thing exactly. My dear fellow, you ought to have inquired into all these matters before you committed yourself to such a set. Its too late now; however, we must do what we can to

repair the error,—we'll see what can be done for you amongst us. When can you attend our club? eight o'clock is our hour of meeting. To-morrow—try and come to-morrow? This evening I will broach the subject to the members, and we will strike out something for you, never fear."

Barney departed, highly satisfied with the success of his interview, and abundantly gratified by the kind interest taken in his advancement by the respected Mr. Screw. The following night he failed not to attend the club assembled at the Scape Goat. There he found a considerable knot of men of all ages, and of various appearances; some of whom, even in his credulous eyes, appeared to realize his imaginary idea of professed thieves, others having the more respectable bearing of *unattached* livery men.

A general movement, and an expression of cordiality, received the new comer, who was no sooner admitted into the circle, than his false friend, the butler, addressed the members of the pretended club as follows:

"Gentlemen! This here is the young man I was recommending to your kind exertions last night. He's a lad I can't but say I've taken



a particular fancy to, seeing he was a fellow-servant of mine but lately. He's a lad of spirit; and, more than that, he's away from his friends, being an Irishman, you see, which its what you wouldn't guess by his tongue; but, as I said before, he's a fine-spirited lad, and its a thousand pities, I'm shot if it aint, he should be throw'd away upon people that lives in Montague Place; and, may be, get into bad company, through discontent and that. We all knows what a set there is in London; men that lives by drawing of young men into all sorts of vickedness and wice, and often bringing of them into evil courses, whereby the gallows, or transportation, is the very least they comes to. A young man can't be too much on his guard, as I often say, in such a dangerous town as this is. I have seen something of its ways, and ought to be up to a thing or two, at my time of life."

"Aye! aye!" was chorussed forth by the assembly. "If *you* aint capable to advise the young man, why none on us aint, that's all."

Barney's gratitude increased rapidly: he inwardly congratulated himself on having made so useful an acquaintance. Poor youth! he little suspected that the greater part of the pretended club were professed housebreakers with whom were

connected his friend Screw, and a few other non-commissioned officers, (self-styled so,) and into whose hands they were in the habit of introducing the unwary. The "non-commissioned" advanced their interests by securing the assistance of innocent auxiliaries, who were not unfrequently entrapped in the net which ought, more justly, to have taken the older and greater sinners.

A few of their nocturnal meetings were attended by Barney; much slang was spoken, of a nature requiring the science of the author of *Pelham*, to render palatable to the reader. Great professions were volunteered as to his advancement; and, at length, he was informed that a most capital place could be gained for him, in a family where, as Mr. Screw figuratively expressed it, "The salary is high, and the work put out." Some difficulties, nevertheless, appeared to arise, previous to the expected certainty of this capital situation, as also some little mystery respecting its whereabouts. The novice was assured, that his friends were actively engaged for his advancement; and so indeed they were, though not exactly in a way they would have been pleased to acknowledge. Having wound up the youth's hopes to the highest pitch of excitement, it chanced

one evening, (quite accidentally, of course,) that a trifling service was required at his hands, on the performance of which the full possession of his promised promotion was to be unequivocally awarded to him.

This "little act of accommodation," when clearly explained, appeared to Barney's comprehension, one of mingled danger, ingratitude, and wickedness, inasmuch as it proved to be neither more nor less, than the "loan of his assistance" and address, in gaining entrance to, and guiding the steps of a certain body of the non-commissioned officers, and their colleagues, into the intricacies of Mr. Stapleton's house in Finsbury Square; who, it appeared, according to the liberal ideas of the gentlemen of the Scape Goat Club, was in possession of a larger quantity of plate, and other valuables, than they judged necessary to the respectability of his appearance. And they had, therefore, come to the resolution of relieving him from a part of the anxieties of life, as riches are not unaptly termed.

The gang had received intimation, that a grand breakfast, dinner, and general merry-making, were to be the order of the day; that is, of the wedding-day; and, in the hilarity of the occa-

sion, and the fatigue it would necessarily create in the domestics, they placed their hopes of a rich and easy booty.

They proved satisfactorily in council, and attempted to enforce the conviction on Barney, that nothing could be easier than for him to gain access to the house, either accidentally, or by a well-managed invitation from one of his old fellow-servants. That it would be still less difficult to elude the observation of the household, secrete himself in some secure corner of a house he had lived in so long and knew so well. When all that remained was, on a given signal, to admit "the professors," direct their way to the plate chest, the main object of attack, although they did not conceal a farther intention, of pursuing some researches in the upper chambers; but this part of their plan they did not find it expedient to particularize to their intended victim, with whom they calculated to act at pleasure, when once he had committed himself by admitting them.

As their villany was cautiously and gradually explained to our hero, he became horrified at the enormity of the crime demanded at his hands, and by which alone he was taught to expect the reward of the "capital place of no work."

Seeing that he very naturally demurred in acceding to their villanous proposal, some of the elder members of the community began to fear that they had been too hasty in entrusting the whole of their scheme to a young hand, of whom they had exacted no previous trial, and who therefore would be liable to no risk in betraying them. The urgency of the case, however, had prevented affairs from being conducted with the usual precaution; but Mr. Screw took upon himself to vouch for the honour and spirit of his friend Barney, to any extent necessary to entitle him to the gentlemen's confidence. And, as it would have intimated fear, to profess any doubts as to Barney's principles; it was resolved by the gang to risk all, in hopes of gaining the rich booty they had a design upon.

The silence of the young Irishman probably saved his life. He could not command power of either thought or speech, beyond one note of assent, which diligently and unconsciously followed every direction urged on his attention. A silence that, indeed, might have been sufficient to alarm more hardened villains than those composing the Scape Goat Gang. They fondly hoped it to be stupidity in the lad; and Screw, though equally startled by the danger he now saw they

were incurring, redoubled his assurances of confidence in their entire success, privately adding, that his hold upon Barney's services was such; as to render the point secure from all doubt; and inwardly resolving to take such steps, as would save himself from too deep an implication in the plot. He requested to be left alone with his victim, as he was possessed of a certain power over his mind, which required a private conference to exert in behalf of their scheme; and, during this interview, he certainly spared no pains to render evident to Barney's vision, the wondrous advantages to accrue from the robbery of his first master and kind benefactor.

Had Barney's progress in guilt been rendered gradual, it is quite possible it might have arrived at the degree of depravity required by his villainous companion; but, with all his faults, the lad had never lost sight of the principles of honesty, early implanted in him by his parents, and enforced by the admonitions of his not forgotten priest, Father Connor. The idea of committing an act that would render him a disgrace to his parents, and a reproach to his brothers and sisters, came upon his mind with saving power. The recollection of Mr. Stapleton's kindness to him was the next object presented to his mind.

Though ungrateful to the best of masters, Barney undoubtedly had been, yet it was contrary to every feeling of his heart, to commit or imagine evil against any individual. Nor had he ever ceased to think of his darling young mistress, Miss Fanny, with the most ardent respect, admiration, and love. Who, indeed, could have received so many proofs of her goodness, her mediating kindness, without becoming attached to Fanny? Should he consent to lead these villains (as he now knew them to be) to rob, perhaps to murder, her father? This thought, as it flashed on the poor boy's mind, appeared to come with greater force than even that of family dishonour, or personal danger. He burst into tears; instinctively he assured his false friend that he was then incapable of speaking on the subject proposed to him; and although Screw employed every argument within the powers of his eloquence, used every art of the tempter, and even distantly hinted, in a threatening way, at the impossibility of retreat, he failed in gaining more than a promise from Barney, that he would think of it, and give his answer the following evening.

Without a friend to consult, (for "Mistress" Garatty he deemed an insufficient adviser in so

difficult a case,) Barney passed the whole night in trying to discover in what way he ought to act, so as to secure Mr. Stapleton's property, and his own safety; and after cogitating on a thousand improbable and impossible means, he arrived at the very simple conclusion, of going at once to Mr. Stapleton, unfolding to him the plot, when he would no doubt be able to devise some mode of contravention beyond the utmost powers of his own mind to arrive at.

This was at once the wisest and easiest mode of action. The only argument against it, being, in Barney's opinion, a breach of confidence towards the ex-butler. If this point could be compromised, he was willing the others, and the more desperate of the gang, should be brought to that justice they so richly deserved.

Mr. Stapleton's notions of equity, however, could not reach this point of individual favour towards one of this body of thieves. He explained to Barney, that, in order to secure their conviction, they must positively be taken upon his premises; for which purpose it became necessary that Barney should apparently consent to the office required of him.

"If we succeed in securing the whole gang," he continued, "all must take their trial, and be



dealt with according to the law. No unjust favour can be shewn to any one, though perhaps he may, in point of fact, appear less glaringly wicked than the rest. Should it prove so in the result, his punishment will be awarded accordingly. But if we fail in the attempt, you, Barney, will be placed in a dangerous situation, exposed to the retributive malice of these rogues. To guard against which, I shall, in that case, send you abroad with my younger son, who is about to travel for two years, and sets out the morning after his sister's marriage. You will thus escape their revenge; and, should you conduct yourself well during the period of your absence, I will receive you once more into my family on your return, for I hope and believe you have gained sufficient experience, to perceive your folly in ever having quitted it. Now go, my good lad, tell these fellows you are invited to partake of the merriment of Thursday, and agree to admit them, as they require. The rest I will arrange in the mean time, and your unexpected absence from Montague Place shall be duly explained on the following day."

Thursday, the important Thursday, arrived in all the splendour of a joyous spring morning. The generally impervious atmosphere of the city

itself was not proof against the powers of the sun on that auspicious day. The usual, or perhaps rather more than the usual allowance of white satin and lace, favours and cake, prevailed. All was gaiety and activity throughout the household. The breakfast superb. The bride (of course) charming. Even the *too* tall Temples shone through their envy on this occasion, resting on the slender hope of future visits to Mrs. Thomas Barton, as the only palliative to their sad return to Fenny Hollows.

The elder Barton had braved gout, bile, and every besetting ill, and appeared in a new suit of the still favourite snuff brown, in the highest spirits, and without either recurring in word or look to any subject so obnoxious as that of the elephant and the cock lobster. He even carried his good humour so far, as to escort the Misses Temple ten miles on their way home, taking then an almost affectionate leave, but somewhat equivocally accompanying it with the wish, that they "might, some time or other, be as good, as handsome, and as happy, as his dear daughter-in-law."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barton repaired to Hastings to spend their honey-moon, Fanny declaring, no place *could* be more delightful than

that, and promising herself to explore the beauties of the Lover's Seat.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the affectionate parents, that the expected housebreakers gave them a subject of interest on this day of parting from their darling Fanny. The necessary arrangements for their capture were formed with such skill and judgment, that the whole affair was accomplished without obstruction. A considerable force stationed in the house, were so placed as to make an easy prey of the ringleaders of the gang, the moment they had penetrated beneath the lid of the plate chest. The retreat of the remainder was cut off by an efficient body which had been previously stationed in a back street, to advance on a signal given from the roof of Mr. Stapleton's house. Thus the whole gang were secured, and in due time received their just reward. The cautious Mr. Screw, however, having been visited by certain qualms of fear, on the subject of Barney's adherence to their cause, accepted of a service accidentally offered to him two days prior to the business, and left England (suddenly) with a young nobleman, who had not time to inquire minutely into his character, owing to some little embarrassment of his own circumstances, which rendered hasty

steps essential to his personal liberty, and made it particularly unpleasant to him to see two men conjointly approach him.

This event was a relief to Barney's mind, who gladly set out for Paris in the suite of his young master; and who, we will hope, returned to England, after his travels, a wiser and a better man.

THE END.





1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



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